

Sports

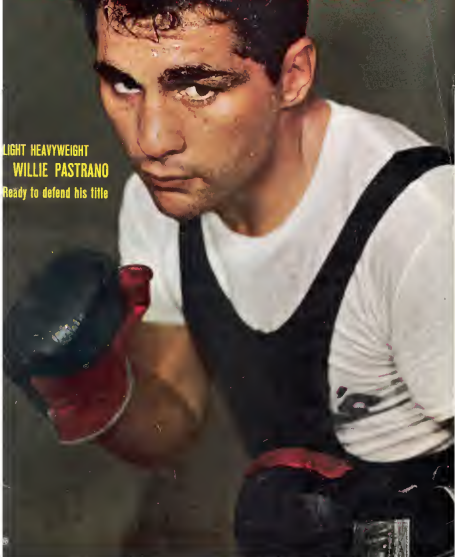
LEMA ON LONG IRONS

DECEMBER 22, 1974

35 CENTS

Illustrated

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT
WILLIE PASTRANO
Ready to defend his title



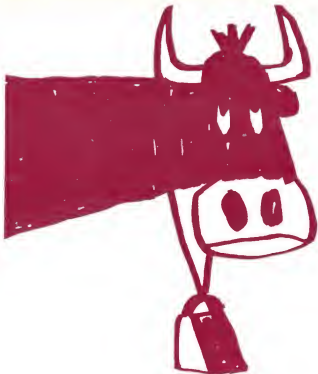
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wanted more. They sent to Milwaukee for that premium quality.

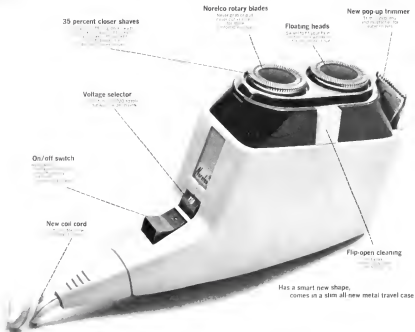
And that's how Schlitz first became "The Beer that made Milwaukee famous." The start of its fame that today spreads around the world. And today's Schlitz—the one that gives you real gusto in a great light beer—is even better than Schlitz was then.

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Norelco The Comfort Shave

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Contents

MARCH 22, 1985 Volume 22, No. 12

Cover photograph by Joe Mauer

20 A Whole Team Touched by Stardust

For a single hour Princeton played inseparable basketball as it swept into the NCAA finals

24 Racy Herren and Fast Femmes

Austrian men and French girls dominated the Vail international ski races as the U.S. flopped

28 Day and Dark at Sebring

The minds of America's No. 1 sports car race are vividly portrayed in paintings by Allen Martin

36 The Valiant Yankee-chaser

That is Al Lopez, whose annual spring litany holds that the Yankees can be beaten

50 The Long Irons: Part Two

Tam Loxton gives some intriguing do's and don'ts for the use of golf's toughest clubs

59 The Garden's Revival Meeting

The New York comeback of boxing gets a double boost with the Panama-Torres and Griffith-Scoble fights

76 The Most Dangerous Game

A cowardly approach to unprovoked fantasy, the only sport at which a man can subdue himself to death

The departments

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| 7 Scorecard | 70 Basketball |
| 56 People | 72 Boxing |
| 59 Boxing | 90 Basketball's Week |
| 66 Bridge | 96 1 or the Record |
| 69 Horse Racing | 97 19th Hole |



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Credits on page 95

NEVER BUT NEVER has an Ivy League team won basketball's NCAA title, but this week hopped-up Princeton goes west, with the underdog, adding interest to the finals.

THE WILDER SHORES of sport rim the eastern edge of the Mediterranean Basin, no longer the secret sanctuaries of oil-rich princes, often exotic fare for travelers.

AT 150 MPH, the rock-band ball custom around the court, a dangerous, chaotic divide. The game is just as, and it is now played in six Florida cities by the Bousques who dominate it.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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Executive Editor: MORTIMER S. KAPLAN
President: JAMES A. FARRAR
Senior Staff Editor: LORRAINE L. GIBBS

Robert L. James

large animal studies in this case, and articles and a set of watercolor, are to exactly deal with sports that are considered dangerous. And with good reason. One of the articles is Edwin Drake's report (page 59) on four prize winners, including Willie Postumbo, the 186 from the French Quarter of New Orleans who fought his first professional fight at 15 and whose 14-year ring career has spanned the most confused, unpeeled and generally hazardous period in modern boxing history. There are times, it those 14 years when Willie is expected to quit boxing forever, and here were many occasions when people who love the sport thought boxing could never survive the militaristic rituals and crises that seemed to be legendary in

Auto racing figures in the pages of paintings and text on the annual *Leinwand* road race at Schling, Ill. (page 56). During the years that the Schling event has grown in prestige and popularity, the history of auto racing in general has often been darkened by crashes and controversies.

And then there is Bill Gilbert's report (page 76) on the intrepid spirits who push through the brush on the slopes of the Appalachians looking for mushrooms. So far we have not heard of any public demand that mushroom hunting be abolished because the poisonous *Forgiveness shallows* looks like the delectable *Trametes oviformis* and people sometimes confuse one with the other. But we would not be surprised at some such movement got under way. In fact, Gilbert's exhortation prompts some reflection on just how sturdy are the really hazardous

The most dangerous mountain in the U.S. in terms of climbing fatalities and misadventures is not Mount Everest.

three-walled 14,000-foot peak in the Rockies. It is Mount Washington in New Hampshire, only 6,288 feet, with trails and a cog railway reaching the summit. But on its slopes summer storms of intense cold sometimes trap highly-glad climbers. The amazingly bright U.S. Coast Guard cutter goes out on 25,000 S and R missions, meaning Search and Rescue, most of them for pleasure boats in distress. These have become the main business of the Coast Guard.

The hazards involved in sport constitute a treacherous area that sometimes endangers the sport itself. Our position has always been that the risks which are inherent in hazardous sports do not in themselves justify suppression of the sport. They do call for stringent supervision in the case of boxing, and in motor racing for more protection for spectators and for courses and equipment that are as safe as possible. But boxing and racing are expressions of the competitive risk-taking, adventure-seeking impulses of mankind and when intelligently directed are not properly subject to legislative suppression.

Maybe supervision will be necessary for the brave men and women who, with no thought of material gain or no hope of fame for their historic search for wild mushrooms. We would prefer to think not. Like most sports worthy of the name, this one has its own inner discipline. In mushroom hunting, as in bowing, hiking, mountaineering and other hazardous enterprises, there is a real difference between calculated risk and case of recklessness. The first exalts and elevates the human condition. The second not only is shameful, but it makes the kind of suppression that makes the first impossible.

Editorial: Chapman, Hester, & Jager
Chapman, J. & Hester, L. (1990). *Book review*

Managing Editor: A. J. B. GARNER
Executive Editor: H. C. M. TOLBOOM
Sectional Managing Editors: J. L. J. BOON, H. J. J. VAN

See also: *Hydrogen*, *Hydrolysis*, *Isomorphism*

[illegible]

From the University of Chicago, N. B. Wiegman; from the University of California, Los Angeles, D. J. W. Simons; from the University of California, Berkeley, D. J. W. Simons; from the University of California, Berkeley, D. J. W. Simons; from the University of California, Berkeley, D. J. W. Simons.

[illegible][illegible]

Wang, Y., H. B. Gertzel, and J. H. Bond. 1993. Aquatic Plant Communities of a Subtropical Estuary. *Estuaries* 16: 100-110.

Suppose all $\mathcal{L}$ -subalgebras $\mathcal{A}$ of $\mathcal{L}(V)$ are $\mathcal{L}$ -isomorphic to $\mathcal{L}(V)$.
 Show that $\mathcal{L}(V)$ is a simple $\mathcal{L}$ -algebra. (Hint: see Exercise 1.1.10.)
 We know that $\mathcal{L}(V)$ is a simple $\mathcal{L}$ -algebra.

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Site	Depth (m)	Time (h)	Speed (m/s)	Altitude (m)
1	10	10	10	10
2	20	20	20	20
3	30	30	30	30
4	40	40	40	40
5	50	50	50	50
6	60	60	60	60
7	70	70	70	70
8	80	80	80	80
9	90	90	90	90
10	100	100	100	100

Estimated 500,000,000, 100,000,000, 100,000,000, 100,000,000

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YOUR KEY TO HOSPITALITY

BOOKTALK

The doubtful future of waterfowl is studied by an assortment of experts

As every duck shooter and bird watcher should know, the future of the 48 different species of ducks, geese and swans that frequent the North American continent has become increasingly precarious during the past three decades. The authors of *Waterfowl Tomorrow* (U.S. Government Printing Office, \$4) point out that there is more to the problem than the droughts that dry up the watery nesting grounds in Canada and the U.S. It is not "man versus ducks," nearly everyone likes ducks. Instead, it is that nearly everyone likes dollars more; and society, therefore, condones drainage [of waterfowl nesting ground] for greenbacks—at the expense of greenheads.

In the preface to this ambitious and comprehensive study of waterfowl breeding, nesting, migration and management, Editor Joseph P. Linduska, formerly chief of Game Management for the Fish and Wildlife Service and at present in charge of wildlife management for Remington Arms Company, writes: "We seek through this book to help all thinking people to a better understanding of the needs of waterfowl and of the things in our way of life that are affecting them adversely." Toward these admirable ends, 103 contributors wrote chapters of the book, each on his own specialty.

The authors discuss some interesting possibilities for the future of waterfowl management. Like certain fish—salmon, steelhead trout and shad—ducks return repeatedly over the same migration routes to the marshes where they were hatched. In drought years such puddle ducks as the mallard, pintail, blue-winged teal and gadwall become "pioneers" and move on to seek new nesting grounds. But many diving ducks, particularly those with strict nesting habitat requirements like canvasbacks and redheads, are "reluctant pioneers," and their numbers are drastically reduced in years when the breeding grounds in Canada and the U.S. are dried up.

A possible solution would be to trap half-grown birds and transplant them to new localities that could be managed by man. Even more fascinating is the possibility of introducing controlled populations of muskrats, nutrias and beavers to certain marshes where they would serve as animal mowing machines to "manipulate aquatic environments" and improve wetlands for ducks and geese.

Anyone who has thrilled to the sight of a V wedge of honking Canada geese winging high above a marsh or a pair of mallards side-slipping into a shoal of decoys should be interested in *Waterfowl Tomorrow*.

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TECHBUILT
Vacation Cottage

SCORECARD

THE BORDER RAIDERS

Recently Canada managed to work out with U.S. colleges a quota program whereby only two Canadians may play on any one U.S. college hockey team. (Schools like Michigan, which has 13 Canadians on its roster, will be allowed time to work down to the quota.) Now it appears that the U.S. itself may be in for a bit of hockey raiding from Mexico.

Gómez Haro, who runs an ice rink in Mexico City, has arranged to import 15 young hockey players from Chicago. They will continue their studies there and at the same time teach Mexican boys how to play. Three Americans will be assigned to each of five hockey teams and serve as a nucleus for the development of the game in a country which, until recently, knew little about ice, let alone playing games on it.

SENSE OF PURPOSE

In late winter and early spring most football seniors of last fall find little to occupy them but their books while former teammates are busy with spring practice. The situation is not so placid for Negro seniors in these days of civil-rights crises. Last week two of the 1964 season's better players took part in demonstrations.

Roy Jefferson, who played end for the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, led a group to the headquarters of the Mormon Church to protest what they termed reluctance of officials of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints to support civil-rights legislation in the Utah legislature.

Gale Sayers, Kansas halfback and now the valuable property of the Chicago Bears, was arrested for sitting in the hallway of the chancellor's office in a protest against the quality of housing the university provides Negroes. He and 109 others were suspended from school, but the suspensions were lifted quickly.

The seven Negro undergraduate football players who joined Sayers outside the chancellor's office were chided by Coach Jack Mitchell.

"This is interfering with football," he

told them, "and not what you came to college for."

Obviously, they came to college to play football.

ODDITY TO FRANK

One of the gentlest and most beloved of sportswriters, Frank Graham of the *New York Journal-American* died in his sleep last week at the age of 71. And so a sadness settled over every spring training camp and in boxers' grimy gyms and in the stables of the big racetracks. These were the sports Frank Graham loved and wrote about so well. Those who took part in them returned his affection, without exception. For, as Jimmy Breslin of the *New York Herald Tribune* put it: "The guy was kind of a church of his own."

DISASTER AT OCU

On their way to Provo, Utah for the NCAA basketball regionals, Coach Abe Lemons and his Oklahoma City University team lost a few players. Two were graduated, two flunked out and one broke an ankle. Even the student manager flunked out. "That's the only student manager I ever lost through ineligibility," said Abe.

That left OCU with only seven players, and two of these never got into games anyway. Abe turned for reinforcements to an unlikely source, the student body. He found Perry Hill, 6 feet 6, who never had played basketball in his life. Hill went to Utah with the team.

"We needed him," Abe explained, "because we had to have enough to form two lines for our warmup drills."

HARD WAY RECORD

The acknowledged master of carp fishermen in England, where the carp is respected, is Peter Hemingway, a fireman who quit a good job as manager of a tackle shop because fire fighting gave him more time for fishing. Now he is being inundated with letters from other English anglers asking for his "secret."

Hemingway's only secret is that he has been spending night after freezing

night lying on a camp bed by the River Nene in the middle of Peterborough. "It's the most miserable place I've ever fished," says Hemingway, but the catch—rather than a bucolic, Waltonian back-ground—is what he finds important. Last month, after 1,200 angler-hours, Hemingway's single-handedness was rewarded when he landed a 33-pound 12-ounce carp, equal to the biggest ever taken in Britain.

Normally, there is no more chance of catching a big carp in the depth of winter than picking strawberries. But where Hemingway fishes, the warm-water effluent from an electric power station convinces the fish that it is June in January. This one, taken on nine-pound test line, accepted a piece of boiled potato as bait.

Hemingway is not resting on his laurels. He is back fishing nightly, his eye on the all-waters record of 55 pounds 5 ounces, set at Clearwater Lake, Minn. in 1952.

SPORTING LOOK—REAR VIEW

Back in the early 1950s the Massachusetts legislature put in a constructive day passing a bill that allowed Rocky Marciano, then heavyweight champion, to adorn his automobile with the license plate KO-1. Since then the practice has been epidemic.

The latest to get a vanity plate for his car is Tony Conigliaro, Red Sox outfielder, who chose his initials. Members



of the Boston Celtics basketball team have numbers that correspond with their jersey numerals. Thus, Bill Russell is C-6 and, until he retired, Bob Cousy was C-14. When he took over as coach at Boston College, Cousy had his two

roadward



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SCORECARD

cars registered. They are BC-1 and BC-2. In 1961 a bill was passed that gave Eddie Shore, former defenseman for the Bruins and member of the Hockey Hall of Fame, the right to display a plate that reads MR. HOCKEY. Paul Pender, former middleweight champion, has MCHAMP on his plate and Tony DeMarco, former welterweight champion, has TKO. When Joe Cronin became president of the American League his plate was changed to read PAT.

One of the few athletes to turn down an offer of a vanity plate was, predictably, Ted Williams.

"No, thanks," said the former Red Sox slugger. "I like things the way they are."

We suggest that the plate crowns be reserved for the next member of the Massachusetts legislature to introduce such a bill.

BROOM ROOM

Canada's 500,000 curlers (51, March 15) will have bought almost a curling broom apiece by the end of this year, according to Canadian broom manufacturers, who are anticipating their most successful season in the game's history. Exports are up, too. The manufacturers will sell record numbers in the northern U.S. (60,000 brooms were shipped across the border last year) and thousands more to Norway, Austria, Switzerland, Sweden and even Italy and New Zealand.

One of the larger manufacturers, the Curl Master Co., reports that its sales are running 42% ahead of last year. To some extent this reflects an increase in the number of players, but there are other factors, among them increased exports and the fact that more eastern Canadians are buying their own brooms instead of renting them. They retail at \$5.95 apiece.

Brooms very like the ordinary household variety were used until 1956, when Fern Marchessault, a manufacturer, produced his specially designed Curl Master and added such models as the Little Beaver and the Black Jack, each with its peculiarities. The Black Jack, for instance, has a plastic or leather tongue fitted into the straws and some of the straws are inserted upside down. It hits the ice harder, curlers say, and thus melts it faster. According to Marchessault, it exerts "25% more pulling power" on the



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*Dacron is a trademark.

stone, whose speed and direction it is intended to control. Unfortunately, it makes a loud crack each time it hits the ice, and some clubs have barred it.

Naturally, Japan tried to get into the broom market. It shipped some of its own make to Canada, but Canadians declared them inferior and the Japanese quietly withdrew.

TAR-BABY REVISITED

As we dimly recall, Uncle Remus invented the plot, the characters and the denouement.

There they were, 18 members and 32 hounds of the 250-year-old Barlow Hunt, riding wildly across the countryside of South Yorkshire and Derbyshire in full pursuit of a fox. They were closing in fast near the village of Killamarsh when the fox was seen to slow down. Carefully, he picked his way through what appeared to be a large puddle of shallow water. He got through it and resumed speed. But he turned his head back just long enough to observe the hounds floundering in hundreds of gallons of thick waste tar from a factory.

"It was horrible," said Miss Elsie Wilson, master of the hunt. "The fox obviously knew his way across the tar, and the hounds were following so fast they didn't realize what they were running into."

It took four hours to clean the worst of the tar off the hounds, and frequent renewals of their straw for a week after to restore them to something like their old selves.

Brer Fox laughed and laughed.

MOUNTED HORSEPOWER

A good police car, like a good sports car, should be agile in traffic and faster than anything else on the road. In recognition of this principle, Europe has begun to develop a new law enforcement breed, the sports-car police.

In Germany, for instance, the routine highway patrol car still is the little Volkswagen but, for more sophisticated game that the VW could not hope to catch, there is now the sleek, fleet Porsche 356, with a top speed of 113 mph. The Porsche also casts its shadow of justice over the roads of Holland, Belgium and Finland.

The world's fastest police car is a lone Ferrari 1600 belonging to the *Questura* (public security) police of Rome. A 150-mph ace in the hole, it is considered too precious for ordinary use and is reserved for emergencies at night, when there is

continued

**Who
put the
Green Stripe
on a Scotch
whisky?**

Andrew Usher did, a bit of an individualist. He made the first really light Scotch in 1853, and marked it with the Green Stripe. Years later a lot of distillers began making light Scotch but nobody ever made one better. Green Stripe doesn't cost anything more. Bottled in Scotland.



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flat lie.



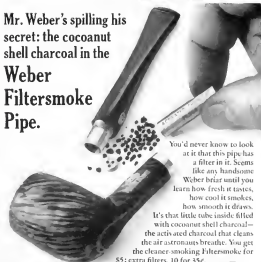
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SCORECARD continued

less traffic and less chance that it might be scratched or have a fender crumpled. Common daytime duty is assigned to the baby Fiat, which is handy but not hot. The open road in Italy is wide open, with practically no speed limits, and there the Alfa Romeos run rampant, chased, when necessary, by 120-mph police in Alfa Romeos. In such situations it pretty much depends on who runs out of gas first.

On the country lanes of England, where the Stirling Mosses grow, policemen have a happier lot than most, driving the 125-mph Jaguar 3.8 Mark 2 or a Daimler SP. But Colin Chapman, whose Lotus-Climax won the Grand Prix Championship in 1963, and whose sports car, the Lotus Elan S2, is unbeaten, has now created an Elan Police Special, with large-throat carburetors and special camshafts. It can reach 50 mph in seven seconds and a top of 117 mph in about 18 seconds. An open two-seater, only 3 feet 9½ inches high, it nevertheless can accommodate two large bobbies and their radio. With superlative road-holding ability, it comes at speed and can make a U turn in 30 feet. It can even do 36 mph in reverse. James Bond would love it.

The first British company to cater to cops was Ford, with its special 100-mph Zephyr. Ford also has produced a 90-mph Cortina GT station wagon for Kenya's rough-riding police.

France is somewhat behind in the race. The *first* ride to work on bicycles, then putter from one traffic jam to the next in tiny Renaults. In emergencies they dash off at 80 mph in the good old Peugeot 403, which is a fine, sound automobile but never would cause a fleeing crook to exclaim "Diable! We are undone!"

THEY SAID IT

- The Rev. Paul L. O'Connor, S.J., Xavier University president, endorsing a new Catholic Athletic Conference proposed by Xavier Athletic Director Jim McCafferty. "It might even encourage some schools that have abandoned football to return to the paths of righteousness and once again lead a full life."
- Henry Iba, Oklahoma State basketball coach, told that his team had made 19 errors against Kansas in the game that clinched the Big Fight title for State: "It could well have been 20—they almost dropped me carrying me off the court after the game."

END

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BOOKTALK

Gambling, Thoroughbred and harness racing make up a three-book parlay

The casinos of Nevada report winnings of \$250 million a year, a figure which surprises many people. They think it should be higher. Wallace Turner in *Gamblers' Money* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95) quotes Las Vegas opinion that some casinos report no more than two-thirds of their winnings. Others may report all, but on the average at least five or 10% of the actual winnings of all the casinos is unaccounted for—upward of \$12.5 million a year.

Flaunted by the increase in legalized gambling of all kinds—betting on harness races, for example, has jumped to more than a billion dollars a year—a number of recent books have explored the mysterious area where economics, sport and legislation come together. *Gamblers' Money* is a shocker. The money siphoned off is what Las Vegas calls "black" money—money unrecorded, untaxed and, it turns out, almost unspendable or, at least, uninvestable. "The men who squirreled it away and hid it from the tax collector are barred from spending it on houses and Cadillacs and yachts," says Turner. That was Capone's mistake. Yet it accumulates too fast to be hidden. Turner, who won the Pulitzer Prize for his articles on the Teamsters Union, never quite convinces the reader that the infusion of black money into legitimate business is a national menace, but he gives an absorbing account of how it is handled, the tough and mysterious characters involved and such details as the amount of money on the tables at the Desert Inn (\$500,000).

Harness Racing, by George Sullivan (Fleet, \$3.95), is an altogether untroubled account of the recent stupendous growth of the sport. A neat, valuable handbook, it contains a 27-page history, records, biographies of horses and drivers. But the boom in harness racing, with more than 100 multi-million-dollar tracks built in 10 years, is explained by Sullivan only as the appeal of a "nostalgic link with the American past."

The History of Thoroughbred Racing in America, by William H. P. Robertson (Pentecost-Hall, \$25) is not much concerned with money or—for that matter—history. Rather, it is a roll call of magnificent horses—back to Thorne, the first winner of the Epsom Derby, bought for \$250 and shipped to Virginia; and Haymie's Maria, the incredible mare that Andrew Jackson's best horses could not beat, who finally lost her only race at the age of 9; Sir Barton, who never won a race until he won the Kentucky Derby; or Gallant Fox, "lively as a puppy and just as inquisitive," left at the post as the Tremont Stakes while he watched an airplane.

—ROBERT CANFILL

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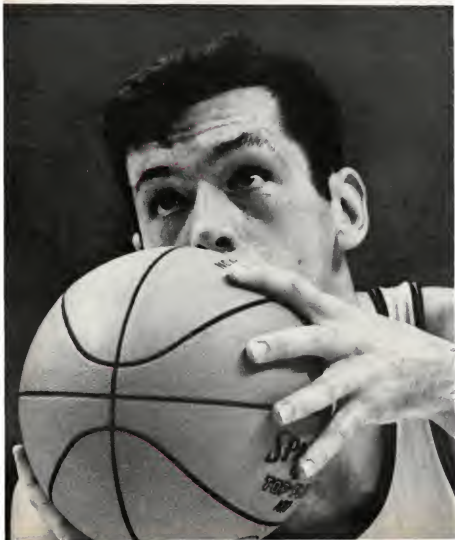
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MARCH 22, 1993

A WHOLE TEAM



TOUCHED BY STARDUST

Led by marvelous Bill Bradley, Princeton routed the East's best and swept on to the finals of the national basketball championship in Portland where, still the underdog, it faces Michigan and then, hopefully, UCLA

by FRANK DEFORD

It was Cinderella in ivy. But can Princeton, Princeton University, be Cinderella? Princeton of the Philadelphia bluebloods? Princeton, which just a few weeks ago was given \$27 million by one person, Cinderella, this? Yes.

Never has a group of poor little rich boys been so popular as the Princeton basketball team that won the Eastern Regional title of the NCAA tournament last Saturday. Princeton has not been such a national threat since Aaron Burr, class of 1772, very nearly set up his own empire in the Middle West. But there the Tigers were in College Park, Md., beating North Carolina State 66-48 and absolutely ruming Providence, the fourth-ranked team in the nation, 109-69.

Bill Bradley was magnificent. He made 14 of 20 shots, all 13 of his free throws—41 points—and he had nine assists and 10 rebounds. "I'll just tell them that he's the greatest that ever lived," said Tom Jorgenson, who was scouting for Michigan, "because they won't believe anything else I tell them." (Michigan won its regional title and will meet Princeton on Friday in Portland for the eastern championship. It is the first time in 21 years that an Ivy League team has gone so far in the NCAAs, and no Ivy team has ever won. Defending champion UCLA and Wichita will also meet Friday for the western title. The grand final is Saturday.)

Suddenly the adoration of Bradley has spread to embrace the whole Princeton team, and the Tigers are the darlings of college basketball. In New York even Notre Dame's famous subway alumni were, temporarily, diverting their allegiance to Princeton. The normally blasé Princeton student body showed up 1,000 strong to welcome the team back to the campus.

And it was the whole team that everyone was cheering. It was the whole Princeton team that shot 68.3% against Providence (while Bradley shot 70%) and 72.7% in the second half. In one stretch the Tigers went 12 minutes without missing a shot—14 straight from the floor and the

continued

BLUE ROBINS

With characteristic unblinking concentration, Bradley prepares to shoot free throw against Providence. He missed none that night, made 14 of 20 floor attempts.

free-throw line. They outrebounded the Friars, they outdefended them, outran them when that was the game and patiently destroyed the strong Providence combination defense when things slowed down. By his presence Bradley makes all of this possible, because the opposition must concentrate on him, but never before had his teammates been so skillful at capitalizing on this advantage.

Princeton on Saturday was the best team in the country—and that includes UCLA, which has regained its championship pace. It is true that the season's record indicates powerful Michigan should beat Princeton Friday and UCLA should then regain its title Saturday, but such routine reasoning will be meaningless if Bradley and Princeton maintain their momentum. Then the new subway alumni would never go back to Notre Dame, and the old real alumni would give even more cash to poor Princeton.

If the whole team is touched by stardust now, it is partly because Princeton should have been taken much more seriously all along. For the Tigers lost only five games all year, and all but one of those by one or two points. Princeton has now won 13 in a row because the team—not Bradley—is so improved. As marvelous as Bradley was against Providence, he did not dominate the game nearly so impressively as he did the night of the famous loss to Michigan in the Holiday Festival in December. In both games he had 41 points, but the other Tigers made only 37 against Michigan. They made 68 against Providence. And that is just about how much the Ivy League champions have improved.

The best of the other Tigers is 6-foot-6 Ed Hummer, a sophomore who was a high school All-America. Hummer has been slow to develop but now—brimming with confidence and a good meas-

ure of the special Bradley psychology—he has become a topflight player. "He's a good one," Providence Coach Joe Mullinney said while scowling Hummer in the North Carolina State game. "If we concentrate on Bradley, he could kill us." Hummer got 13 against Providence, but his rebounding was even more impressive than his scoring. Princeton Coach Bill Van Breda Kolff does not start Hummer, preferring to have him come off the bench and juice things up. But two sophomores do start. Playmaker Gary Walters, 5 feet 10, is a poised first-year man who can beat a press. He had six assists against the Friars. Robby Brown, the center, is built in the image of what people expect Princetons to be, except that he is also built 6 feet 9 inches high. Brown went to Exeter. He is the son of a Princeton man who works for the college as Director of Career and Studies Service. Brown has improved steadily all through the year, and made his season high of 14 against Providence.

The other two starters are juniors—Bob Haarlow, a forward though he is only 6 feet 2, and Guard Don Rodenbach. Both are good outside shots, and both can play defense. Haarlow, the middle of three brothers to play for Princeton and the son of the supervisor of Big Ten officials, had 18 against the Friars and held his man scoreless. Rodenbach was a hothead in high school, scoring as high as 59. He has had no more than 15 this year, but he has done a good job on defense, against *Caree* Russell among others.

Much of the team's improvement came when Bradley skipped several practices because of an injured leg. Without him, the others had to learn how to help themselves. Still, too much of a good thing—in this case, a balanced attack—would ruin Princeton in Portland. The Tigers need Bill Bradley, running wild. Against Providence he took a long shot the first time he got the ball, made it and the team's first five points. The reaction was what it always is when he starts off tough. Teams that see him for the first time are not only rattled by his play, but apparently are mesmerized by his notices. When Bradley starts off like the legend, his effect on the opposition is demoralizing. And the crowd cheers as if it is in on something, adding to the momentum and increasing the pressure. As the Providence game demonstrated, Bradley's greatest efforts are drawn from



As he falls to the floor, Bradley manages to keep control of the ball with his fingertips.



Then completes pass safely to teammate Gary Walters before Providence players can intervene.



Between two Brigham Young players, UCLA high scorer Gail Goodrich makes left-handed jumper. Though he is only 6 feet 1 and a guard, Goodrich gets most of his points close to the basket.

him by Princeton's toughest opponents. So thoroughly does he control the action supposed to be shared by 10 men in fairly equal measure that many think he already has surpassed Oscar Robertson as the greatest college player in history.

Princeton's rout of the East shoved the three other regional affairs into the background, even though they were closer, more exciting games. Michigan, as usual, had to come from behind to beat Vanderbilt and, just as usual, it was Carzie Russell leading the charge. The Wolverines were down 80-77 with 2:42 left but won 87-85 despite big Clyde Lee's 28 points and 20 rebounds and despite smaller Vandy's overall rebounding edge.

In Provo, Brigham Young's assapored to worry defending champion UCLA, and it did for the whole previous week and the first 15 minutes of the game. Then Keith Erickson, who had been sick with the flu and had not even been able to run the day before, went on a bunge. With UCLA behind 30-29, Erickson made three baskets in 45 seconds. Edgar Lacey added another, and then Erickson threw in three more to make it 43-34. As the last of this hatch swished through, Pete Peletta, the coach of San Francisco who was scouting his next night's opponent, took out a pencil and wrote firmly on a program "Lights out." It was. The BYU challenge ended 24 down, 100-76. It was Peletta's Dons who gave UCLA their fight, on Saturday.

The expected UCLA blitz came, but not until late in the game, with USF on top 83-82. Then Erickson and All-America Gail Goodrich led an 11-2 streak that iced it. Erickson, who seldom scores so high, made 29 that night and 28 on Friday, while Goodrich had 40 and 30, but USF's Ollie Johnson stole the show with successive personal highs of 35 and 37.

The UCLA press hurt San Francisco, which lost the half 17 times on errors. UCLA had only nine turnovers, a remarkably low figure. But these Bruins are so composed that they often look like professionals. They seldom change expression. Erickson walked by his roommate, Goodrich, after the BYU game, in which Goodrich had set a school record of 40 points, not breaking his stride and hardly turning his head. Erickson said, "Heard you scored some points."

Goodrich permitted himself a smile.

The Bruins are playing splendidly, perhaps better than ever before, this year or last. They should roll easily over Wichita State, a gritty team that somehow made it this far even after All-America Dave Stallworth ran out of eligibility at mid-year and Center Nate Bowman flunked out. Kelly Pete's scoring and rebounding (he is only 6 feet 1) led the Wheat-shockers to victory over minimal competition. Going more and more to their new delay game, they took only 17 shots in the first half against Oklahoma State and only 12 in the second. But Wichita State had the lead and Oklahoma State stayed back in its sagging man-to-man defense, and things just dawdled along that way.

Wichita's strategy was sound and it was executed well-nigh perfectly, but in essence it is negative, and it will not work against UCLA, which attacks and gambles. Wichita also depends a great deal on a full-court press, but UCLA has a better one and better personnel.

So UCLA's challenge must come from the East. From Michigan or Princeton in their December meeting in the Holiday Festival, Michigan rallied from 12 points behind, after Bradley fouled out, to win 80-78. In the shell-shocked Princeton locker room afterward, Bradley stood up and told his teammates that this was no one-night stand, no fluke. They must regroup, he said, was the league, win the regional and beat Michigan next time. Last Sunday the Tigers came back from College Park, and the crowd booted Bradley and the other players up on the top of the team bus. The band was there and all those students. "We have been thinking of only one thing since December 30," Bradley told them. "Naturally," he remembered the date. "We have been thinking about beating Michigan." Then the band played *Old Fashioned*, and the Tigers all sang, touching their right hands to their hearts and then extending their arms, as is traditional.

Two weeks ago the Princeton senior class officers stole the clapper from the Nassau Hall bell to present to Bradley. It was a desperate choice of a gift for a young man who has everything, perhaps, except a watch that is engraved *NCAA CHAMPIONS*. That you have to get for yourself. **END**

RACY HERREN AND FAST FEMMES

Propelled by a surprise star, Austrian men swooped to victory in the American International ski races in Colorado, while French girls took the feminine laurels and the U.S., alas, was outskied once again **by DAN JENKINS**

A simple and painful truth about Alpine ski racing is that you cannot win while humpety-bumping downhill on the seat of your pants or the bridge of your nose. Another is that it takes some doing to outski the mountain-bred men and women of the Austrian and French teams even when you keep tail and teakettle in their customary positions. Last week, on the glistening white slopes above Vail, Colo., U.S. skiers fell nearly as fast as the snow flurries and, as a result, the first American International team races were another sobering exhibition of winning Alpine technique by the cocky

Austrians and the mischievous French.

While the Austrians were more devastating than ever in the downhill, and the French were impressive in the other events, the Americans failed to escape from their familiar world of disaster and discontent. In the long months since the Winter Olympics it seems that nothing has really changed on the mountains except, possibly, that stretch pants are tighter. All but shut out of the top places on the first two days of Vail's meet—the biggest anywhere this winter—America seized its one moment of real triumph when Olympic Medalist Jean Saubert, reportedly out of condi-

tion, tied for first in the giant slalom.

Ultimately, the Austrians won the men's championship, the French captured the separate competition for women, and the U.S. tottered in third and last on both fronts.

While the meet did little to improve the confidence of the American racers, the international team-race format of U.S. Coach Boh Beattie proved to be interesting enough to lure carloads of fans and lift lines of skiers from all over Colorado, and no doubt assure its continuation as an annual event that will be rotated between western and eastern resorts.

Saving to celebrity, Austria's unheralded Heini Messner trills rouses a shower of snow as he lifts his vis in prejump on his way to Vail downhill victory.



It was probably unfair to expect wonders from the U. S. ace, Billy Kidd, who was carrying the heaviest burden of responsibility in the American camp. Still, Billy himself would have been the last to envision the troubles that befell him.

After having the second-lastest time in the nonstop practice run on the two-mile downhill course the day before the meet began, Kidd, who had won eight straight races on home snow, ran a mysteriously dismal downhill. Tense and unaccustomed to the role of being a downhill favorite, heretofore he has been a slalom specialist, he finished 12th in the field of 18. He was crushed and embarrassed, but equal to the occasion. "I skied like Toralf Engan," said Billy, managing a wistful smile. Toralf Engan is a ski jumper.

But if Kidd's downhill performance was a disappointment in the face of the hard fact that Austria, led by a new hero named Hein Messner, had gamely

swept five out of the first six places, it was nothing when compared to the slalom race the next day.

The slalom was the one event in which Beattie's cross-to-crisis troops felt confident. Kidd, after all, had been second in the Olympics, and Jimmy Heuga had been third. Not only that, but Kidd's workouts at Vail during the week had been so spectacular that even the Europeans had paused to watch.

In the first run of the slalom Kidd was well worth watching. He spun bare-headed down the steep course in the second-lastest time, and was only four-hundredths of a second behind the leader, Karl Schranz, Austria's foremost racer. When Heuga later ripped off the sixth-best time, the Americans felt they belonged on the same mountain with the powerful visitors.

Then came the second run. Heuga started first and had a good chance, but he was a bit too edgy at the top

of the course and eventually wound up third. He later admitted that he had "felt slow." Although France's Jean-Claude Killy, Europe's most consistent star during the 1965 season, carved out a beautiful run and gained the lead, the race was still Kidd's to win or lose from the last starting position.

And three-fourths of the way down the course, the slalom indeed had been won by the 21-year-old from Vermont. Kidd's halfway interval time was the speediest of all. It was, in fact, too fast. The first glimpse of Kidd caught by the spectators at the bottom was a dramatic one.

He came over a knoll like a low-flying airplane being piloted by a drunken cowboy. In a moment of doom for U. S. enthusiasts, Kidd cartwheeled forward in a tangle of slalom poles and skis, bounced, bounced again, slid, rolled, flipped and finally just lay there. When he eventually got up uninjured, there were deserved shouts of applause for a racer who had

continued

Ornazing as American chances slip away, Billy Kidd reflects embattled mood of U.S. team still facing hard struggle for equality with Europeans.





France's icy young Anne Famose (wearing unrequited adoration as for Pierre), while Austria's Traudl Hecher was impressive downhill winner.

gone all out to win or crash living. "I've never been prouder of him," said Bob Beattie, who was running out of things to be proud of. "If he'd made that turn, it would have been the greatest single run and greatest victory in our history."

It was instead a brilliant victory for Killy, who despite a bad ankle had evaded himself in an all-out effort ordered by French Coach Honore Bonnet. "Quite un-double," Bonnet told Killy at the starting gate. "Double or nothing." The French men were hoping to overcome the Austrian lead grasped in the downhill the day before, just as their girls had done when Marielle Goetschel and little Anne Famose ran one-two in the slalom. Killy, 21, friendly and close to the Americans, was elated by his triumph. "I raced like mad," he said, "and was lucky." But up popped the amazing Messner in second place, and the Austrian men were out front to stay.

Although Austria's Traudl Hecher won the women's downhill, the French sneaked in a second (Famose) and a fourth (Marielle) and went into the slalom trailing the Austrians by only three points. The French were loose and confident because the slalom is their spe-

cialty—not that the French girls are ever anything but laughing, gum-chewing, shouting characters. They are also sensational skiers. Off the slopes, Marielle and Christine Goetschel, Anne Famose and Christine Terraillon are as close as if they were all sisters. And, as racers, they add up to a feminine Alpine equivalent of the four horsemen, and quite likely will be remembered in French sporting history just as properly.

At the pressure-filled start of Marielle's second slalom run she was as bounteous as if she were still whooping it up in a Viennese restaurant in the Stetson plunked on her head by local hoisters. Smacking her gum and hallowing "Vive la France," she pushed out of the start with a laugh and one final remark to the officials: "O.K., go," she said. "Bye-bye."

Off the mountain, the French girls cackled away in private jokes, hugged and pushed each other, and assured one another that they were always at center stage.

"Anne and I go so fast that nobody can catch us," Christine Goetschel would say.

"Whooo," Marielle would grant, making a face. "They go so slow that anybody can catch them."

For those fortunate enough to have seen it, the crowning moment of gaiety for the French girls came just before the start of the men's downhill when, up on the mountain for practice, they joined hands in a line across the course and sped down ahead of a forerunner, forcing the startled fellow to go around them.

When the Goetschels got off the course, Heinz Messner and his Austrian partners got on it and began the drive in the men's competition. If there is anything the Austrians have more of than zeal and potatoes, it is downhillers. They should have been weakened this year by the loss of Olympic Downhill champion Egon Zimmermann, who was injured in a car wreck, but they only raced better. Unknown Stiefen Sodati won the Lumberhorn downhill, and four other Austrians placed behind him in direct order. Five out of five. They almost equaled that at Vail.

Messner, a 25-year-old service-station attendant in Grims near the Brenner Pass, is a well-built, shy, diligent young man who could pass for a University of Texas halfback. Less than one second separated Messner and the three Austrians behind him as they buried both the U.S. and the French on Vail's International run. Franz Digruber—just

Fiery Jesu-Christo Killy disintegrates from as he rips to slalom win. He also took giant slalom.

TECH: LUTHER AND GEORGE LONG

up from Austria's B squad—was second, Schranz was third and Gerhard Nienning came fourth. France's Pierre Stamos slipped in for a fifth, but then came Austrian Hugo Nandl sixth, and a cynical writer summed it all up at the finish by saying, "The scandal in Austria is what happened to Stefan Sodati." He was 15th.

The downhill was immediately given that tired old skiing label of a wax race, because the Austrians had been unbelievably fast on a traversing part of the course known as Cook Shack Flat. Their interval times were truly remarkable—faster by as much as four seconds than those of racers who should have been just about as capable, *schuss* for *schuss*. The weather was to blame.

It was an unusual Colorado day with a snow layer blowing in, then blowing out again—a day when the sun shone through the dark clouds occasionally, when spectators removed their parkas, then put them on again. The Americans and French gambled that it would stay fairly cold throughout the race and, therefore, used a mixture of wax on their skis to move them through cold snow. The Austrians waited for a warmer day, simply because it was mid-March and getting near springtime. When the men's downhill went off it was near noon and warming up. The Austrians had guessed right.

But as U.S. Racer Gordy Eaton said, "Well, the main thing they had was Messner. Then they had Digruber, then Schranz."

The main thing they had in Monday's climactic giant slalom was a seasoned trouper named Gerhard Nienning. Killy blazed in first to become the meet's individual hero with two wins, but it was Nienning's second-place finish that assured the Austrian men's team victory, 107 points to 94, Billy Kidd? Overcautious after Sunday's spill, he yet finished a very creditable fourth.

In the women's giant slalom the Stars and Stripes finally fluttered a bit as Jean Saubert, a Utah coed, gamely skied to a tie for first with the fabulous Marielle. The French girl, irrepressible to the end, tossed snowballs at Jeannette as she was being interviewed for television. That summed up the European invasion about as well as anything. **END**





ONCE AROUND THE CLOCK SWIFTLY ROLLING

The driver sprints to his car, jumps in and, with 60 other racers careening about him, embarks upon the 12 Hours of Sebring. Once around the clock goes that fierce parade, wailing through the Florida day and stabbing headlight beams into the night. This ballet of men and machines, which begins again next week, is the foremost sports car race in the country. It is America's reach for the glamour of Le Mans and the car-killing rigors of the Nürburgring, a blending of old-world accents and new-world brashness. As Artist Allan Mardon suggests on the following pages, Sebring is also a pageant of contrasts. It is speed and noise and daring brushed into a flat, forbidding landscape. It is a sun-cracked old airfield, a place of derelict World War II planes and tumbledown hangars—and of marvelous purebred cars and the world's most brilliant road-racing drivers. The owls that peer out from the infield are the only calm creatures in a storm of color and motion.





Sebring's gaunt, green pit row is its command center and its social hub, with spaces for each team's crew and supplies at track level. From the deck above, car owners and their guests watch race action and pit work.

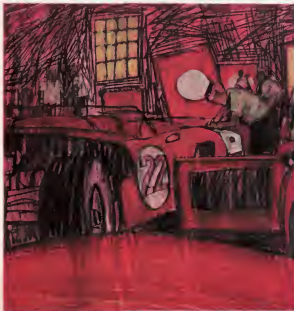
Inside the pit wall (below), where fuel and gear for emergency repairs are ready, a driver stands poised to relieve his teammate. A signal from a crewman on the track side of the wall will notify the other driver to pull in.





Racers on the circuit's airport section speed past derelict World War II cargo planes, which are Sebring's Big Ben and Eiffel Tower, symbolizing the course for the fans. The terrain itself is featureless.

Splashes of Ferrari red brighten a decaying airport shop, used as a makeshift garage. Mechanics are accustomed to performing their meticulous tuning-up operations wherever circumstances put them.







ANYBODY HERE KNOW FANGIO?

To people who fancy pure cars and hate automatic shifts there is one stunning shortcoming in American-style racing. The grand old game has been steadily degenerating, they insist, since that black day when the first banked, oval speedway was built. Real racing, they insist, is the science of man, machine and gearbox rolling along an open-road course that twists all over the countryside.

Next week, such leanings will bring some 50,000 people to an isolated mid-Florida airfield to view a road race of near-stainless purity: the 12 Hours of Sebring. The war-surplus airfield is too small for jets and too big for the town, which makes it just right for racing. Five and two-tenths miles of runways, cross runways and connecting roads have been laid out in a wandering course that isn't much like the famous circuits of Europe but has a certain rough charm of its own. To race a lap at Sebring at top speed requires at least 28 well-meshed gear changes; to last 12 hours takes a patient kind of skill. On the field's north-south runway a healthy sports car can hit speeds approaching 200 mph. This fine blur extends for 4,500 feet, then ends in a sudden right-angle turn to the west. Not all of the cars make it—and runways end up on the grassy fringe among the meadowlarks and nesting owls.

Sebring is an endurance test for spectators as well as cars. Why do they attend? To road-racing mainliners like Alec Ullmann, the man who puts on the show, that question is academic. Better ask, why attend anything else? The 12 Hours of Sebring has been Ullmann's personal crusade from the start. A Russian-born, MIT-trained man of intermediate size and immense Continental flair, he is also a man trying to speed up the U.S. renaissance in road racing. Ullmann started the race at Sebring 16 years ago and since has supported his habit with occasional shots of private income as an aeronautical consulting engineer. Ullmann first imported the big postwar racing stars to this country and most Americans at the time could not have cared less.

"When I brought Juan Manuel Fangio here to race in 1954," says Ullmann, "he was the world champion, an international celebrity and the best racing driver of all time

I put him up at a local hotel, and in a few minutes I got a telephone call from the manager. Fangio was in the lobby and wanted a police escort so he could go down to the garage and inspect his car. A police escort? Certainly. Fangio was afraid he would be mauled by crowds of adoring fans who would tear off his very clothing.

"I'm afraid I had to tell the manager," Ullmann recalls, "that Fangio could walk down the streets of Sebring wearing a big sign that said 'I am Fangio the Great' and nobody would have known who the devil he was."

The crowds are larger and more knowledgeable now. Next week they should see something worthy of their knowing attention.

Since the Ford Motor Company plunged into racing three years ago, one of its great objectives has been to outrun the intense red Ferraris of Maranello, Italy. Ford threw in a brigade of engineers, backed with a budget running into the millions, and recently asked ex-Racer Carroll Shelby to boss the road-racing segment of the push. Now the chase is closing in. Last month Ford's GTs were one-three in the Daytona Continental, a 1,243-mile race that wings around and inside the Daytona speedway. Amazingly, the Ferraris folded. At Sebring, Ford and Ferrari face a mutual new threat. This year undisguised, all-out, one-of-a-kind sports racers are back, and the Grand Touring and prototype cars of Ford and Ferrari could be taken by beasts like the Crevy Chaparral. In any case, across the starting line next week the array of cars and drivers will be a social register of speed, with such stems as English MGs and Triumphs, German Porsches and Italian Alfa Romeos as intriguing, in their way, as the larger stuff.

Your aunt in Athlone might be confused by the variety of shapes and model names, but the true Sebring fan reads romance into every name and make. Nor does he need, in these sophisticated days, an adroit card to identify the driving celebrities. The racing line this year includes helmeted heroes in the Fangio mold, from Scotland's dashing Jim Clark—the 1963 world champion—to Dan Gurney, one of America's top drivers, certainly its handsomest. Other ex-world champions on deck are America's Phil Hill and England's Graham Hill (no kin), he of the pencil mustache and hairbreadth Harry profile. Pedro Rodriguez adds a touch of Mexican hot sauce to the rakish Ferrari team. Other drivers are nearly as well known. The purse is not the lure—Sebring offers a modest \$40,000 total package—and facilities are done in a style called racetrack primitive. But the international stakes are big.

Ullmann concedes that Sebring could stand some dressing up. "In staging this race," he says, "we have concentrated first on a functional track. We have funny little bleachers we put up and take down. If we could find a sugar daddy we could have creature comforts, as at Le Mans. Those quaint little sidewalk cafes right at the track. Perhaps little restaurants and bistros. . . ."

On the other hand, if an American car beats the Ferraris, there will be no complaints.

—BOB OTTUM

In darkness the winner takes the checkered flag after an exhausting 12 hours of racing.



Only twice in 16 seasons have the New York Yankees lost pennants—both times to teams managed by Al Lopez. Now spring is here again and so is Lopez, insisting, as always, that 'the Yankees can be beaten'

THE VALIANT YANKEE-CHASER

by GILBERT ROGIN

In the course of time, Al Lopez, the manager of the Chicago White Sox, has been called, by various enlightened members of the working press, the Señor, the Stylish Señor, the Good Señor, the Swarthy Señor, the Serene Señor, the Popular Señor, the Dashing Señor, the Happy Hidalgo, the Spanish Don, the Clever Caballero, the Caggy Castilian, the Calm Castilian, the Courty Castilian, the Gracious Castilian, the Candid Castilian, the Happy Castilian, the Cast-iron Castilian, the Capable and Courty Castilian, the Personable Skipper and the Frolicsome Al. His friends at the Temple Terrace Golf and Country Club on the outskirts of Tampa call him Cap, because when he was a player he was captain of the Brooklyn Dodgers, the Boston Braves and the Pittsburgh Pirates.

For the most part, these sobriquets fairly delineate Lopez, and, furthermore, inform those who might assume his name to be of Eskimo origin of his true lineage. Lopez' parents, Modesto and Faustina Lopez, were born in the region of Asturias in Spain, emigrated to Cuba at the turn of the century and from there came to Ybor City, the Spanish quarter of Tampa, where Modesto got a job in a cigar factory as a tobacco selector, and

where Alfonso Ramon Lopez, the seventh son of a seventh son, was born on August 20, 1908.

Despite his environment, Al Lopez does not smoke—nor does he drink hard liquor or wear a wristwatch or rings. He has a nervous stomach and goes on a milk diet during losing streaks. Lopez attributes his stomach condition to his habit, when he first came to the big leagues, of going to bed—while his teammates were still in the gym milks—and eating a pint of ice cream, which he balanced on his stomach. Lopez is also quite a poor sleeper. He generally awakens at 4 or 5 a.m. and reads for a while before he is able to go back to sleep. Lopez has recently read *The Price*, which he recommends, and *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*. "I don't like to read, as a rule, that heavy book," he says of the latter.

"As a player, I used to be the best sleeper in the world," Lopez says. "I wish I could be like other fellows and take a loss pretty good. I guess it's a matter of pride." He has been called the best manager in baseball because he suffers in private. Lopez disagrees. "I'm not the best manager in baseball," he says, "but I suffer in private."

"I don't know what it is, but it makes

me more tired to sit in the cool of a dug-out as a manager than it ever did to squat out there in the sun catching a double-header. How can you have any fun managing? I had fun playing baseball. I really did. I didn't know I was putting any effort or sweat into playing. I don't think a ballplayer can be a good ballplayer unless he enjoys his job. Those ballplayers who say, 'I play because I enjoy the money'—that's the bunk. I don't care if you're making a thousand or a million, go out and play. I don't begrudge any kid getting anything he can in the way of a bonus, but once you've got it go out and play. And after you've signed your contract, I don't want to keep hearing you saying you really deserved more. Once you sign, go out and play."

"The Yankees can be had," Al Lopez announced not too long ago. So what else is new? For more than a decade the sanguine cry of Lopez, like the voice of the turtle, has been an infallible herald of spring. It has even, on two occasions, been literally true; in 1954 and 1959 the Cleveland Indians and the White Sox, clubs that were managed by Lopez, respectively won the American League pennant, the only

continued

AT CHICAGO WHITE SOX CAMP IN FLORIDA, LOPEZ SMILES CONFIDENTLY AS HIS PLAYERS BEGIN SPRING TRAINING SESSION

RICHARD MILES

teams to overtake the Yankees in the last 16 years.

If Lopez is a lousy prophet he is, in the unerring words of Casey Stengel, "an outstanding man, a gentleman, terrific person, quiet yet aggressive, an outstanding, first-class citizen." He is also a peerless baseball manager. In addition to his two pennants, Lopez has, in 14 years of managing in the major leagues, finished second nine times. "I'm not a failure," Lopez says. "but I don't feel I've accomplished what I've wanted. I want to win. I keep saying, 'The Yankees can be had,' because I keep thinking they can, and I want my guys to believe they can win. I want to finish first." What Lopez leaves unsaid is that, for the most part, his players have never measured up to New York's. At Cleveland, where he managed from 1951 through 1956, he had pitching and power but lacked speed and had an inconsistent defense. At Chicago, where he has been since 1957, he has greatly improved an undistinguished pitching staff, generally has speed and fielding, but has never had any power, and his hitting has been markedly indifferent.

Lopez, who has some notably Spartan qualities, is apparently content to work with what he has instead of crying to the front office and the writers for, as in the present instance, more power hitters. Chuck Comiskey, a former White Sox owner, compares Lopez with Paul Richards, one of his predecessors as manager of the Sox. "Lopez doesn't panic," Comiskey says. "Richards would be screaming about this or that. He didn't have the patience. It could be June or July, and Richards would come up to the office and say, 'Can't we trade this fellow, or just send him out? I can't play him anymore.' Lopez is just the opposite. He goes with what he has."

"If a player has a small talent, Lopez will find a way to make it work for him," Stengel says. "He's a string-saver at heart. The big knock you hear about Al is that he has an outstanding record of finishing second. One great ballplayer could have made him a great manager."

"Lopez has finished second because he's had second-place material," says Hank Greenberg, who was Lopez' boss at Cleveland. "It's been a plus for him that he's been so close so many times with the material he's had. Lopez is not the type of manager who can fire a team up so that it plays over its head, like

Leo Durocher, but Lopez will get the maximum from his players all the time, whereas a Durocher might steal a pennant one year but finish sixth the next."

"A manager can contribute only to a few things to a club," Lopez has said. "He can inspire his players and he can do a good job of handling his pitchers. As for one manager outsmarting another, you can put them all in a hat. Bunting, hit-and-run are just not that important. The big concern is, can the man handle the personnel? I think every new manager should be given a two-year contract so he can get to learn his personnel. The manager has to be up every day and keep those guys in the best frame of mind, keep them from getting down on themselves, and he has to keep the pitchers fresh and strong."

Lopez is not an advocate of clubhouse meetings or of lines. "What's the sense of lecturing or lining players?" he says. "They're adults. If they won't play our way, let them play their own way some place else. Pep talks are O.K. in football when you have to get a club up for only a handful of games, but you can't get a club up for 162. Most of the players don't listen to what you say in a meeting anyway."

Lopez recalls holding one of his infrequent meetings in Baltimore in 1961. "We'd been playing bad ball," he says. "I told them they were a better team than they had been looking. I said, 'God-damn it, don't let it get you down.' Things like that. They went out and were beaten horribly. I guess I made a mistake." I said after the game "You're —?" They won 19 out of the next 20 games."

Lopez has three rules he wants his players to obey: outfielders must always throw to the cut-off man rather than to a specific base, no player should ever hesitate rounding first base on a single when a teammate is trying to score from second and everybody must keep the carfeew.

"I don't believe in being too tough," Lopez says. "If you're going to start lining for missing signs—bunts, steals—you've got a tight ballplayer. When a guy makes a mistake, I take him to one side as soon as he comes back to the bench, call him over in a nice way and tell him what he's done wrong. I try to keep from showing I'm mad. If you continuously blow your top, you're not in control. You can't stay mad at the players. They're the ones that are winning

the games for you. They're the ones doing the work. For instance, I don't think everybody should concentrate on going to the opposite field, but the smaller guys, the guys who hit 12, 14 home runs—they should. When they've hit into another double play I tell them, 'Go to right field a little bit, keep out of the middle.' Instead of doing what I say, they figure the next time up they'll hit the — out of it. On the ground, up the middle, double play again I could say, 'God-damn it, if you don't hit to right field, I'll take you out of the ball game.' You use this method, you run a lot of ballplayers."

Lopez has fined only two players in his entire career. "They both came in after hours," he says, "and both had been warned. I also fined one pitcher for not covering first base, but I don't count it. At the end of the year I gave it back with a note attached: 'For great improvement shown in covering first base, this bonus for \$100.'"

"One of the guys I fined, I didn't think he was taking care of himself. Once when we were on a road trip, I called his room at 1:45 a.m. This is a true story. His roommate said he wasn't in, so I told him to put a note on So-and-so's pillow to call me when he gets in. I couldn't sleep. I was worrying about him. Finally I go to sleep, and I get a call. 'Hey, Skip, you leave a note for me?' It's him. It's 8:30 a.m. All I could say was, 'You mean you're just getting in?' This same player didn't like to wear a cap before the game. He had very wavy hair. It's against the league regulations not to wear a cap, and it's bush. He's prancing up and down, the goof, showing off his build, which was very good, and his wavy hair. I'm looking at him from the dugout. He doesn't seem. He's looking in the stands. 'Put your cap on.' I say, 'Why are you looking in the stands? I didn't have wavy hair or a build, but I did all right. If that's the only way you can get a girl, you're either very cheap or a lousy romantic.'"

"Lopez knows how he wants things run and he runs them that way," says Bill Vecek, who bought the Sox from the Comiskies. "He is at his best with a club that nets and plays as intelligent professionals should. He's not the type to get along with screwballs. If Al has a weakness as a manager—and I said if—it is that he is too decent. Unlike me,

a postcard

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he will not have a roistering or even troublesome player around. He's a fine, honorable, intelligent, careful man with a definite philosophy on how the game is to be played. He does not climb all over people. He would rather advise than admonish, but he does demand a full effort."

"He's the nicest guy in the world, but he rules with an iron hand," says Earl Battey, who played for Lopez in Chicago before being traded to the Minnesota Twins. "He had a temper, but I never realized it until he got mad at Vic Power one day and started taking off his glasses. Lopez gives the impression he doesn't pay any attention to you, yet he's always watching you. When you are warning up pitchers he might be way on the other side of the field, but he would notice you were catching the pitcher the wrong way and come and tell you. He is the man that made me. When I was disappointed about being traded away from a pennant winner to a second-division club, he said, 'You have to prove to yourself you can be a first-string catcher or you'll be a second-string catcher all your life.' He is not a taskmaster, but he expects certain things from his players and he gets them. Sam Mele [the Twins' manager] is closer to his ballplayers. Lopez does not talk to the players openly. He is not around them in the clubhouse."

"I like people," Lopez says. "I like for people to like me, but I think the players should respect you. You can't go to saloons or play cards with your players. As soon as I became manager I stopped playing cards. I don't even play cards with the writers. If I go in a saloon and one of my players is there, I hope he gets the hell out of there. If he doesn't I'll buy him a drink, and when he finishes, if I hope he gets the hell out of there. Players should have that much respect."

"I don't think Lopez is necessarily an easy manager to play for," says Jerry Holtzman, who covers the Sox for *The Chicago Sun-Times*. "For the guy who is putting out every day, there is evidently no problem, but ballplayers don't put out every day, and that's where they run into trouble with Lopez. For instance, Jim Landis, more than any other player, came closest to Lopez' idea of perfection. He could run, bat, throw, he was superb in the field, he kept his mouth shut and he wasn't a showboat. Landis, however, didn't have the temperament—or possibly the strength and desire—

in the last few years, and he was a severe disappointment to Lopez. Lopez just expected much more from him, and I think Landis resented this."

"Lopez is more lenient with a young player than any other manager. He becomes more demanding as the player gets older and has more experience, but he sometimes loses patience when his repeated advice is forgotten or ignored."

"Lopez took a lot of criticism in Chicago for staying with Landis when he wasn't hitting. Chuck Comiskey remembers going to Lopez and suggesting he give Landis a rest. 'I did it because Lopez was being crucified in the press,' Comiskey says, 'and I thought this was a way to get some of the heat off, but all Lopez said was, 'Chuck, if I bench him now, I'd be breaking his confidence—and besides, he's our best center fielder.'"

"More recently, Lopez has been accused of keeping Landis in his doghouse, but even this past August, when it appeared that the Sox had a chance for the pennant, Lopez called Landis in and said to him, 'Jim, you're the guy who could put us across,' but Landis didn't respond." Landis was traded to Kansas City in January. He had been the last remaining member of the 1959 team that brought Chicago its first American League pennant in 40 years.

Lopez believes that pitching is 75% of his ball club, and there is ample evidence for his claims that he and Ray Berres, his pitching coach, have developed the best staff in either league.

"I never really knew, or understood, how to pitch until I was traded to the White Sox," says Bob Shaw, who is now with San Francisco. "Lopez and Berres make, manufacture fine pitchers. That's why, year in and year out, the Sox are near the top. It's that simple."

"Lopez could write the text on the mechanics of pitching," says Bob Lemon, who pitched for him at Cleveland. "Why you use a certain pitch. When you use it. What pitch should follow another. Why it should follow."

"Lopez is one of the few managers I've ever heard of who'll give you a sign when you're in a tight spot on the mound and don't know what to do next," says Early Wynn, who was on both of Lopez' pennant-winning teams. "Most managers, when they see you signal for a sign, get up and walk to the water cooler

or turn their back and pretend they didn't see you."

"Lopez doesn't try to be a genius," says Herb Score, another of the outstanding pitchers Lopez had at Cleveland. "He doesn't overmanage and he isn't a hunch manager. He watches a pitcher so intently that often, between innings, he'll mention some slight change you have made in your delivery."

"Lopez frequently lifts his pitchers when they have a lead," says Holtzman. "Few managers yank pitchers when they are ahead but, by doing it, Lopez stole maybe a half dozen games during the first half of last season."

Lopez is of two minds about lifting pitchers. On the one hand, he says, "I don't want to go out there in the first place. I'm always hoping the guy can stay nine innings." On the other hand, he gets a kick out of the daring or ingenious use of pitchers, as he indicates in this rhapsodic account of one of his most successful maneuvers last year: "Horlen gets the first guy out. The next guy either singles or walks. Peters is pitching tomorrow, so he's warming up anyway. I bring him in for one hitter—to get Siebern out. I then motion to Wilhelm. By God, he strikes Robbie out on a ball of a knuckle ball! Horlen had a two- or three-batter, too."

However, Lopez says, "If you get too technical with a pitcher about pitching to a certain batter, he's liable to walk him rather than let him hit the ball. The simplest baseball pays off. I tell my pitchers the main thing is to get the ball over. Let them hit the ball. When you give up walks, they're going to score runs."

"This isn't a game that you can put down with pencil and paper, say this is how you're going to do it. It's good to have information on, say, a certain batter, but you have to have the pitcher who can pitch to his weakness. And you have to have the count in your favor, otherwise you have to come in with a fat pitch. You have to get ahead of a batter to pitch to his weakness and, even then, only one out of two, one out of three pitches to a batter's weakness will be a good pitch."

"Defense will help your pitching, and a club with a good defense is going to win its share of ball games. It wasn't pitching that hurt Minneapolis last year, it was their defense. Everyone raves about the power of the Yankees, but

continued

their success over the years has been mainly due to a great defense. They lost the World Series last year because their defense was poor.

"I'm speed-conscious. Speed and an arm—these are the basics. Most people think: Can you hit? I like a running club. In Cleveland I had almost nobody who could run, and the lack of speed cost us many a ball game, for it's always better to have a run on third than on second, or on second than on first. We don't teach enough base running. Not stealing bases—base running. Base running is the most intricate part of baseball. Offensively, statistics in baseball are misleading. There's not enough emphasis placed on runs scored. You win games by scoring runs.

"In Cleveland, you just sat on the bench and waited for someone to slug the ball. I like being in the ball game, I like playing in a big ball park like Comiskey Park. It's more interesting baseball. A manager has a better chance in a big park where he can maneuver a little, take advantage of anything. In a small park, you don't take any chances, steal, hit and run. In a small park, you

just hang away," Lopez admits, however, that good hit-and-run men are perhaps an even rarer breed than the mighty sluggers. "I've been in baseball 40 years, and I've only seen four or five," he says. "Billy Herman, Tony Cuccinello, Alvin Dark, Dick Groat. It's tough enough to connect when you get your pitch, and downright ridiculous to have to swing at whatever comes up there.

"We don't work on a lot of trick plays. The fans say, 'Why don't you squeeze?' What do you think the other manager's getting paid for? There is no offense for which there isn't a defense. Everything you do must be with a purpose. We have squeezed. Billy Martin squeezed Jim Rivera home on two strikes against Bobby Shantz.

"A junior at the Conrad Hilton in Chicago used to send me his advice in eight-page airmail special delivery letters. He once suggested I have Sherm Lollar and Walt Dropo, who were two of the slowest men in baseball, execute a delayed double-steal against the Yankees. 'This play can only be pulled once,' he wrote. 'If it works, it'll disrupt everybody.' In fact, it would have disrupted

baseball. He wanted me to use voice signs instead of hand signs. 'Cham gang' was steal. I remember. 'Orange juice' was squeeze. He was a good fan, at that.

"The fans want you to hunt all the time, I don't like to hunt until it gets to be the seventh, eighth or ninth, when one run looks pretty good. In the first few innings you've got a chance to get an inning going. Bill McKechnie, who I played for at Boston, was a great believer in pitching and defense. He'd play for one run earlier than most managers, try to get a run ahead of you and play the infield in. I go with who's up in the batting order. Say, the sixth batter is on third with one out, I'll play the infield in. Otherwise I'll give them the run. Once, in Baltimore, I played the infield in when I was two runs to the good. It was the fifth or sixth inning Willie Miranda and the pitcher were coming up. In a short ball park, you couldn't do that. In fact, I don't think there are very many managers who'd do it at all.

"They say you never play to tie on the road. When I'm playing the weaker clubs on the road I always play to tie. You have a better chance to beat them that way. They say pitchers should try to keep the ball low. I don't think that should apply to every pitcher. I think a real good high fast ball is better in many instances. How about Dizzy Dean, Lefty Grove? You shouldn't handicap a guy with a good high fast ball.

"I think speed counts more in the outfield than in the infield. In the infield a ground ball can only be a single; out there it can be a double or a triple. The right fielder has to be quick and have a stronger arm than the center fielder, otherwise they'll go from first to third on you all the time. The center fielder can hold them with a weaker arm because the throw is shorter, but he has to be good on judging flies. The left fielder, third baseman and first baseman can be big, clumsy guys. If the center fielder is catching the ball, I want the left fielder to tell him where to throw it, or, if he's in right center, the right fielder.

"I move my outfielders around quite a lot. The count is the big thing here. Give him the line, I might say, he doesn't pull. But if the count is 2 and 0 or 3 and 1, he's going to pull the ball more, and a right-hander is more apt to pull a sinker ball, a left-hander is more apt to pull a curve. So then I move my fielder a little closer toward the line. I always explain

continued

LOOKING LIKE DON QUIXOTE with three Sancho Panzas, Lopez rises on toes to watch drive. In support (from left) are Tony Cuccinello, Ray Orszag and Freddy Gonzalez.



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The $\log$ test is used to compare two models with nested samples approximated by 1000 $\log$ test with 5000 simulations. A full description of the model is given in the Appendix.

AL LOPEZ / Continued

my reasoning to my outfielders. Otherwise they're apt to think I'm crazy."

Although Lopez contends that baseball is played better than ever, he is puzzled by the decline of the 300 hitters. "It's a mystery," he says. "It mystifies you. The players are bigger, they're better coordinated. What's happened? Years ago there was a guy named Jigger Statz playing center field and leading off for Brooklyn. He hit .285 and was a terrific defender. They sent him back to the minors. They said Jigger Statz couldn't hit. In 1932 I hit .275 and caught 126 games for Brooklyn, and they tried to cut me \$10,000. Today I'd net a \$10,000 raise."

"They had good pitchers in those days — Alexander, Lefty Grove, Herb Pennock, Johnson — and still the hitters hit .400. I think right baseball might have a lot to do with it. It was impossible to face for nine innings on those hot days in St. Louis and Cincinnati, so the pitchers would have to pace themselves. Nowadays, if you don't watch them, around the seventh or eighth innings the pitchers start getting tired. They go all out from the first pitch. Dizzy Dean, Burleigh Grimes, no one on, they'd pace themselves. If Dizzy Dean wasn't burning down, you could hit him. It was impossible to hear down all the time. But with men on base, they'd race back and throw the ball.

"I think the hitters are going to have to change. They're striking out too much. They swing just as hard on the third pitch as on the first. After you get a strike or two—meet the ball. I think they could use a heavier bat, too, concentrate on making contact. They'd still get their home runs. People get tired of people swinging from the heels, hitting the wall, over the fence. We suggest it to our players, but it's hard enough for them just to go up there and hit the ball. I don't think there'll ever be another hit-breaking .400 unless the hitters change their tactics. I'd like to see the hitter hit the ball more often. As long as you hit it someone's got to make a play on you. If you strike out you take something out of the game. After all, what we're doing is trying to sell entertainment. The triple, for instance, is the prettiest hit in baseball—everybody chasing the ball, the runner diving into the bag, and I think the double play is the prettiest play in baseball."

When he was growing up in Ybor City, Lopez was a catcher, pitcher and

shortstop. "I wanted to be in action all the time," he says. "I thought the outfield was a waste of time." Lopez finally settled on catching, a jump on the right side of his nose testifies to the fact that he could not afford a mask, in fact, all he had was a catcher's mitt. "I couldn't come home until my nose had stopped bleeding," Lopez recalls. "My mother would have given me a shellacking." On occasion, Lopez caught without a chest protector in the big leagues, on account of the heat.

When he was 16 Loper was Walter Johnson's catcher in an exhibition game in Tampa. Loper still remembers Johnson's pragmatic instructions. "Kid, don't call for too many curve balls. I'm going to let them hit. Be alert, I'm going to bear down on Ike Boone and Jack Fournier," Loper says, in a voice that still retains some of the old wonder. "He struck them out both times in the five innings he pitched. I got a triple that day one time three."

That year, 1925, Lopez started his life's work in organized baseball with the old Tampa Smokers of the Florida State League. In 1930 he went up to the minors to stay. He played for Brooklyn through 1935, Boston until 1940 and Pittsburgh through 1946. In 1947, his final season as a big league player, he was with Cleveland. Lopez managed for three years at Indianapolis (locally, he won a pennant and finished second twice) before returning to the Indians in 1951 as manager. When Lopez left Cleveland in 1956, his players chipped in \$400 to buy him a golf bag and a set of clubs. Most departing managers are doing all right if they get a handshake. "Lopez said we should have given the money to the clubhouse boy, who wasn't making too much," Sam Mele recalls.

As a big league player, Lopez caught 1,918 games in 18 seasons—a major league record. With Gaby Hartnett, he also holds the National League record for having caught 100 or more games in 12 seasons. In 1941 he tied a National League record by not allowing a passed ball in 114 games. According to the best estimate—his reluctant own—Lopez dropped only two foul pops in his long career. His lifetime batting average, however, was only .262.

"Al was an outstanding, first-class catcher as a receiver," says Stengel. "All

the players liked him. So did the manager—me.” Lopez played for Stengel both at Brooklyn and Boston. “His best asset was any man that wandered around third base or second was going to be out.” Once, at Boston, with a 3 and 0 count on the batter, Lopez called for a pitchout and picked the runner off third.

“Al was very good at handling the hunt,” Stengel goes on, “what we call the swinging hunt. He was nimble and never tired. Why, I remember once when he went into a slump at Boston, you know what snapped him out? Catching a 23-inning game, something like that. He could squat down low out there all day, 23 innings, doubleheaders, it made no difference to Al.”

“Al was basically slow over a distance of ground, but no one had as fast a set of hands,” says Red Patterson, a Dodger official who covered Brooklyn as a writer in Lopez’ era. “I remember one day in Pittsburgh. It was raining. We were sitting in the clubhouse, waiting out the umpires to see who was right, the weatherman or them. Lopez challenged someone to try and bounce a ball by him. They cleared a space across the clubhouse, and they tried, but they couldn’t get a ball past him, and he was using a catcher’s mitt!”

“Most catchers, when they know a batter has decided to take a pitch, just wait for the ball to pop into their mitt,” says Stengel. “Not Lopez. He’d flip his glove out toward the ball and get it four or five inches earlier in the strike zone. There was nobody as good at stealing strikes as Al. One day Billy Herman decided to take the pitch, and Al moved out to steal the strike. Suddenly Billy remembered the hit-and-run was on, and threw his bat at the ball. The bat caught Al’s right thumb and beat it back double. It was hanging on only by the skin. I got sick. I figured he was through as a catcher. But those Boston surgeons put it together, kept taking it in and out of the cast and he was O.K. again.”

Lopez has done O.K. outside of baseball, too. As Stengel says, “He’s not a multimillionaire yet, but we’re working on it.” Lopez is one of the original stockholders in Stengel’s Valley National Bank of Glendale, Calif., and is Casey’s partner in some Texas oil wells. He is also a director of the Broadway National Bank of Tampa, owns a third of an orange grove and has a ball park, Al Lopez Field, the home

of the Tampa Tarpons, named for him.

Lopez and his wife, the former Evelyn Kearney, whom he met when she was in the line at the old Hollywood Club in New York City, live in an \$85,000 house on Tampa Bay. They have a swimming pool, beach, dock, speedboat, a tank of tropical fish, which a man comes in to care for, a shelf of *Reader’s Digest* Condensed Books, and bar stools with baseball bats for legs and modified bases for cushions. The Lopeses have one son, Al Jr., 23, who lives nearby with his wife and son, Al III. A graduate of the University of Florida with a degree in accounting, Al Jr. is a shortstop in the White Sox farm system. Last year he hit .205 for the Clinton, Iowa, C-Sox in the Class A Midwest League.

During the off season Lopez plays golf almost daily, generally at Temple Terrace, where he has a 4 handicap, which he insists would be an 8 elsewhere, and where he recently had a hole-in-one on the 164-yard 15th. Lopez always walks over the course instead of using a cart. Once the season starts he gets almost no exercise. The foursomes and fivesomes Lopez plays in include crumies like Nate Schine, a motel owner, Jim Ziegler, who is with Top Value Stores, John Berry, a lawyer; Eddie Valdes, in insurance; Imae Allee, who manages cemeteries; Charley Gregory, who owns the Old Fort restaurant; Freddy Gonzales, a druggist, and Tony Cuccinello, who was Lopez’ roommate for nine years and has been his third-base coach for 15.

“Golf is for fun,” Lopez says. “Everybody talks and coughs. One guy has had the same runny nose for 30 years. Every time you putt, he sniffs.”

If Lopez drops a long birdie putt, John Berry is likely to say, “I got to go to the bank, get Mr. Lopez out of that baseball business and sponsor him on the tour. How much you think the White Sox would want for his contract?” If Charley Gregory, who usually teams with Lopez, muses a huge putt, he is likely to say, among other things, “He got rid of Landis. He’s going to get rid of me, too.” And when Jim Ziegler insists on a mulligan because the background music on the 10th tee swelled during his downswing, Freddy Gonzales might ask Lopez, “Cap, when you strike out a guy you give him another strike if there’s yelling from the bench?”

One morning last month, Lopez drove his white 1963 Chevrolet station wagon

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AL LOPEZ

down to El Centro Asturias, a Spanish club in Ybor City of which he has been a member for 50 years. "They used to have opera and everything here," Lopez said, somewhat wistfully. On the ground floor is an immense, cool, shadowed room with a stamped tin ceiling, a terrazzo floor, a long, carved marble bar and mirrored pillars with Ionic capitals and many coat hooks, paper mirrors hanging from the light pulls, saying "Say Corby's" in small balloons. Lopez sat at one of the unpainted tables and played several games of dominos (doubles) with the retired cigarmakers who frequent El Centro. Spanish dominos is a fast, noisy and passionate game; the score is kept with chalk on a little slate. Lopez, who spoke Spanish throughout his stay at El Centro, ordered vanilla ice cream, which came in a glass, the other players had small cups of coffee. A great domino player is called a *puntero*, which Lopez translates as "panther or tiger." Lopez is reputed to be a *puntero* but, naturally, he denies it.

After he left El Centro, Lopez drove out to Temple Terrace. On the way, he talked about the possibility of laying off baseball for a year, going to Europe and seeing how he liked being idle.

"I don't know if I'd be happy," he said. "So far, I've been the luckiest man in the world. I've done well. I've had good ball clubs."

Lopez arrived at Temple Terrace too late to go around, but he drove out to kibitz the last few holes. Later he sat in the clubhouse, drinking beer and telling true stories about a pitcher named Pea Ridge Day, and what happened when he confronted the Babe, and about the great John King, who never made it out of the Texas League and once called upon God to rain stones on his head if the umpire had correctly called the last pitch.

Bevo Bravo, an elderly building inspector, pulled up a chair. "When you win the pennant, Cap," he said, "I'm going to throw the biggest smoked mullet party they ever held in Chicago. One thousand smoked mullet and hush puppies the like of which they've never had in their life. We catch our own mullet. We don't cook somebody else's. If we don't like them we throw them back."

"Bevo," said Lopez, "I hope we see you in Chicago."

"Cap," said Bevo, "I'll be there, if I have to walk."

END



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in the whole town. You have to drive 25 miles to get to the next one.

And you could get to the next town in VW on about one gallon of gas.

☐ A. Breschini, who runs the only saloon in Jiggs: "We haven't had a shooting



the entire population of Jiggs, Nevada.

in two years."I says the summers get better than 105° above.

And Will Peters, who makes the best coyote bait in Elko County, remembers the winter of '36 when it got near 50° below.

Fortunately, there's nothing in the VW

that can freeze or boil. The engine's air-cooled, so it gets along just beautifully.

Once we got all the people in, they liked the seats, windows and sunroof so much we didn't know how to ask them to get out.

So we contributed one brand-new Volkswagen Station Wagon to the town of Jiggs, Nevada and rode off into the fading sunset.



[Sometimes it pays a town not to get too big.]



The Long Irons: PART TWO

TIPS AND WARNINGS

BY TONY LEMA WITH GWILYM S. BROWN

There are intriguing adjustments that can be made in the basic long-iron swing, some of which make these difficult clubs more reliable and others of which offer the possibility of hitting complex shots. Last week the British Open champion explained the fundamentals of sound long-iron play. Now he turns to percentages, curves, finesse, trouble, sand and even philosophy

The straight left arm: a safer way to hit a solid shot

Too often in explaining the golf swing the tournament professional makes the mistake of trying to get the weekend player to do things that only he, the experienced pro, can manage. Asking a physically out-of-shape and technically unskilled golfer to swing like a professional sometimes produces nothing but confusion. Changes should be made to fit a player's capabilities. One of the most important such adjustments in the long-iron swing is illustrated at left. The dotted line indicates the best possible position to take at address, as I explained in Part One. But the position I think most middle- and high-handicap players should take, at least until they become fairly proficient, is shown by the straight red bar. From this stance, even with a weak pivot, they are more likely to hit down through the ball and thus get a consistently firm shot. This is true because the hands are starting ahead of the ball and therefore have a better chance to remain ahead at impact. Though this stance results in less loft and distance, I occasionally use it myself when I feel a little tense or, for one reason or another, have temporarily lost confidence in my swing.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN

Playing ball more to the right (opposite page) and shifting left arm to make a straight line with the club suits high-handicap player.



The straight-arm stance helps insure that the hands are going to be ahead of the ball at impact (above).

CONTINUED



To hit a low fade with a closed club face, Lensa uses a square stance and swings the club back outside of the line to the target.



For a high hook with an open club face, he brings the club back inside the line to the target and will roll his wrists over at impact.

Strictly for sharpshooters: new thoughts on curve balls

An old golfing maxim that many of today's touring pros reject is that a closed club face will always promote a hook, and an open one a fade. We can hit a fade when the face is closed and hook when it is open—and sometimes, accidentally, the high-handicap golfer does the same thing. To do this intentionally requires excellent timing, and I do not recommend that the inexperienced golfer try it. But the new technique has two great advantages. It can produce a low fade and a high hook—hard kinds of shots to hit—and it

is executed from a simple, square stance. For a fade, you close the face of the club and swing it back outside of the target line (above left). This will create an outside-in cutting action at impact and, provided the wrists remain absolutely firm and do not roll over, a low fade. The hook works in much the same way. The club face is opened and the club brought back inside the line to the target. The downswing must be inside out and, to guarantee a high, soft hook, the wrists must roll over slightly at impact.



To see the draw and fade shots shown at left, you obviously must know whether the club face is open or closed. Players are often fooled by what is an optical illusion. They think the face above is closed, but it is really square.



This club face, as aligned with the top of the page, appears to be square to the target, yet it is actually open. Deceived by this, a player may be swinging well and still end up with a seemingly inexplicable fade or slice.

Hilly lies: the adjustments are not difficult

Not even the most experienced professionals are so indiscreet as to use long irons consistently from awkward lies. The clubs are just too difficult. The uphill and downhill lies, however, provide two instances in which the long irons can be used successfully, once relatively easy modifications are made. To hit a shot from an uphill lie (above right), you compensate for the contour of the ground by playing the ball slightly forward. To make up for the tendency to put all your weight on the right leg, you must try to have your weight on the left side before you swing. This shot will often hook a little, so it should be aimed to the right of the target. Since the ball will also attain a higher trajectory than usual, you should use a lower club than ordinarily required for the distance to be covered, say a two-iron instead of a three. The swing is a normal one, except that to achieve greater consistency you should try to pick the ball cleanly off the turf instead of hitting down into it and taking a divot.

The main problem with hitting a long iron from a downhill lie is getting the ball well up into the air. The solution is to play the shot as a fade. The ball is positioned back toward the right foot, and your weight is placed mainly on the right side. Using an open stance, you bring the club down into the ball from outside the line to the target; in other words, slice across it. Cutting across the ball in this manner will help get it into the air, but to offset the effect of the downhill lie one higher club than normal should be used, a three-iron instead of a two. The shot is going to curve from left to right, so aim it to the left of the target.



With an uphill lie, Lenna puts his weight on his left side at address. The ball is in the normal position, opposite the left heel.

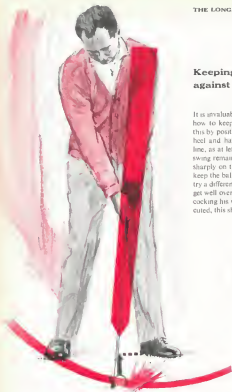


With a downhill lie, Lenna plays the ball back (arrow) and swings with outside-in cutting action to help get the shot into the air.

CONTINUED

Keeping it low: protection against high wind and tree limbs

It is invaluable when hitting directly into the wind to know how to keep the ball low. Most weekend players can do this by positioning the ball a few inches back from the left heel and having the left arm and the club in a straight line, as at left. The club face should be closed slightly, the swing remains normal and the club head is brought down sharply on the ball. The experienced player who wants to keep the ball low and also stop it quickly on the green can try a different shot. He should play the ball off the left heel, get well over onto his left side before impact and delay uncocking his wrists as long as possible. When properly executed, this shot will start out low, then rise and land softly.



The best way to escape from woods is to use a long iron and punch the ball under the overhanging branches. To do this, choke down on the club an inch or two and play the ball as far back as the middle of the stance. Your weight should be on the left leg and the club gripped very firmly. Taking only a three-quarter swing, bring the club into the ball at a steep angle, letting the club head bury deep into the turf after impact. This will cause a sharp checking of the swing, so to be sure that you do not quit on the shot too soon you must keep the hands and wrists firm. All this may jolt the wrists, but you can punch the ball a long way.



The long-distance sand shot: steady head, steady nerves

Only a fool rushes into a sand trap with a long iron, but this does not mean you should never consider such a shot. If conditions are ideal, it can be quite effective. The ball should be sitting up nicely, preferably on a slightly uphill lie. The trap should be a shallow one with almost no lip at all ahead of you, because it is going to be difficult to get the ball up quickly. In the first 15 or 20 feet after being hit with a long iron the ball will rise no more than a foot. If the above conditions are present, you can proceed.

Remind yourself that you must take a smooth, easy swing, because any loss of balance or timing will be ruinous. At address, the feet should be closer together than usual and dug deeply into the sand. The ball should be played off the left heel to make maximum use of the club's loft. This is in no sense a punch shot. The club is kept low and swung straight back from the ball and is then brought down on the same line in an effort to nip the ball off the top of the sand. If you hit down on the ball instead of sweeping it clean you will force it slightly into the sand before it takes off and lose considerable distance.

Again, two crucial things must be kept in mind; the head must remain very steady and the swing must not be rushed—eager though you are to get the whole thing over with.



For a sand shot, keep the feet close together, play ball off left heel and sweep club back on low plane.

CONFIDENCE—BUT NOT OVERCONFIDENCE

Perhaps the major thing to understand about the long irons is that you must have confidence in your ability to use them. If you shudder each time you reach into the bag for a long iron, you are using the wrong club. You should use a fairway wood instead, or even play safe with a middle iron.

Developing confidence is a question of mastering the fundamentals and then working on them in practice. A smart way to prepare for a practice session is to be thoroughly loose and warmed up before hitting the first shot. I will usually take out my two- and three-irons and swing both of them together until my muscles feel stretched and comfortable. Then I will hit a few short-iron shots and work through the middle irons before getting down to serious effort with the long irons.

The thing to think about with the first practice shots is just meeting the ball solidly. Never mind where it goes. Then start to pick out targets and hit toward them. All the time, meanwhile, you should be con-

centrating especially hard on keeping the head steady.

Once you are out on the course, a few further ideas about long irons might provide some comfort. First, do not feel you should hit all of your long-iron shots onto the green. (In last year's U.S. Open only 65% of the irons hit to a 168-yard par-3 hole ended up on the green.) The middle-handicap player should be happy to get somewhere around the green. Second, remember that while the club face looks frighteningly narrow it actually supplies more hitting area than a fairway wood. Third, the shafts of these clubs are long, thus giving you a wide arc and plenty of club-head speed. It may not feel that way, but your club head is traveling plenty fast, so there is no need to rush the swing with your hands. Fourth, the shaft's extra length allows you to take a more upright stance than you are able to with a short iron. This gives you better balance. And, finally, when you begin to master the long-iron shot, you should experi-

ment a little. You may find yourself able to do things with long irons you only dreamed about in the clubhouse. But never try the impossible. Do not use long irons when you have difficult sidehill lies or treacherous trouble shots that are hard enough to play with a short iron. If you want to see how tricky long-iron shots can be, come out to a PGA tournament sometime and watch us touring pros butcher them.

Unless you are an exceptionally skilled player, do not use a long iron out of any lie that is not good, even in the fairway. If the ball is sitting well down in grass or clover, a wood or a middle iron should be used. Also forget about the difficult finesse shots, such as trying to hit high long irons. Only a golfer who plays in the 70s can carry these shots off with any consistency.

But, above all, don't be discouraged. If you can recognize the limitations of long irons while still appreciating their potential, you can start enjoying the use of clubs that too many players have come to hate. **END**

PEOPLE

Did the hair- tonic company that signed Quake **Brooks Robinson** to do a commercial some months ago realize that he is half bald? It did not. Someone had shown the tonic tongs an eight-year-old picture of a younger and hairier Robinson. But having already greased Robinson's palm, they were not about to let their investment go to waste. They suggested that Brooks let what little hair he had grow through the winter, until it made up in length what it lacked in numbers, and last week they combed the elongated locks over the Robinson bore spots and filmed the commercial any way.

On his way back from offering to play political ball with Egypt's President Nasser, East Germany's Communist boss **Walter Ulbricht** stopped off in hot-as-Hades Port Said and tossed out a real one to some local volleyball players (below). "I like sports," said the fun-loving old Berlin Wall builder. "They keep you from getting old."

Leo the Lip, long conceded to be a terror, is about to become a horror. *The Munnies*, a top-

rated TV serial featuring a family of friendly neighborhood-type monsters, has signed **Leo Dorecher** as a guest star. Plainly, mice ghoul's finish first.

When four Texas legislators decided to begin a program of physical fitness, they hied themselves to the University of Texas gym for a workout. There Representatives **Dick McKissack**, **David Ivy**, **Jim Wade** and **John Wright** made the mistake of challenging four students to a game of half-court basketball. Their fitness program was short-lived and so, very nearly, were the legislators. Wade fell and sprained an ankle, Ivy broke his glasses, McKissack got a bloody nose and Wright collapsed after two minutes of play.

Joan Morrison, spare, white-haired conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, last week tried to explain his two favorite sports—skiing and mountain climbing—to his ancient counterpart, Conductor **Charles Munch**. "In both," he said, "You are in the mountains, where you become a freer man. But, psychologically, skiing is a sport in which you must go downhill. Mountain climbing is a sport of ascent. In skiing there is much more competition, which spoils something of it for me. In mountain climbing nobody praises you for what you do well. You do it well for the beauty of the thing."

As if wrestling with problems in Alabama and Vietnam were not enough, **Lyndon B. Johnson** suddenly found himself in an Indian wrestling match with TV's **Lucille Ball**. At a White House gathering for the Easter Seal drive of which she is chairman, Lucy told LBJ that he was the second President she had shaken hands with. The first was **Eisenhower**. According to Washington Newswoman **George Dixon**, Lucy said: "Ike won't really try to shake my hand. He was just trying to jerk me along so I wouldn't clog up a receiving line. Here—let me show you." And

with that, Lucy reached out and practically jerked Lyndon right off his feet.

To make the season's last run down St. Moritz's awesome Cresta more chugging than usual, eccentric Swiss playboy **Jean (Chu Chu) Thelce** bet eccentric German playboy **Gunter Sachs** that he, Thelce, could guide a "skeleton" sled down the icy run in bare feet. He made it all the way to the bottom, thereby winning his 500 francs, but at the cost of being unable to walk on his bruised and frostbitten toes for several days. That did not prevent the exuberant Chu Chu from swinging on one of the Palace Hotel's chandeliers at his victory celebration, breaking up other assorted furniture and getting a spaghetti-and-tenetossauce shampoo. Meanwhile, back at city hall, the wealthiest per capita sit-in on record protested local authorities' ban on car racing on frozen Lake St. Moritz. After Prince **Alfonso Hohenlohe-Langenburg** and some 60 others had blocked traffic for 40 minutes, police ended the demonstration by dragging away the millionaires.

In Missouri, anyway, it's better to be a fourth-place coach than a first-place politician. According to a survey just made public by a University of Missouri professor, 67% of Missourians identified Football Coach **Dan Devine**, despite his fourth-place finish in the Big Eight Only 40% recognized Missouri's newly elected Governor **Warren Hearnes**.

"My favorite spectator sport," **Bredman Alfred Hitchcock** told a newsmen who shouldn't have asked him in the first place, "is murder. I love to watch it."

Regular patrons of the Queen's Head pub in Newton, Cambridgeshire goggled into their pints of stout. There at the dartboard firing line was **Empress Farah** of Iran (below), taking a most unorthodox grip on her first dart. The snickers abruptly drowned in good English brew, as the Empress, a guest of British Foreign Undersecretary Lord Walston, placed three darts in the inner circle around the bull's-eye. Farah's royal husband did less well. Two out of three of his darts missed the board entirely.



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Two-for-one revival meeting at the Garden

The boxing renaissance in New York gets a double lift March 30, when swift and tricky José Torres (above) goes after Willie Pastrano's light heavyweight title and José Stabile challenges Welter King Emile Griffith

The speed bag was moving in a rickety-rickety rhythm, constant as the sound of express-train wheels. The hands that were making the bag move were held high, in front of a square, sweating face. They were slipping cute little cuts and turns into the rhythm: two backhand pops instead of one, a cuff with the wrist, a flick with the fingers. Behind the hands the face was bored. The dark eyes rolled up and blinked at the sweat dripping off the eyebrows. The mouth opened in what could have passed for a sigh of weariness. The knees were lifting and the feet were shuffling as if what they wanted to do was march out of that makeshift gym at Kutscher's Country Club in the Catskills outside of New York and carry that dissatisfied face to some happy place where a bowl of linguini and a dish of pistachio ice cream might be waiting. But the bag kept moving in its rickety-rickety rhythm, and the hands that moved it probably are the fastest and classiest

hands in the upper society of the boxing world today.

A week from Tuesday night those hands and the shuffling, sliding, never-where-you-thought-it-would-be face of Light Heavyweight Champion Willie Pastrano (see story) will be in the ring at Madison Square Garden for a championship fight against tough José Torres. There will be no boredom in the face then. Willie Pastrano and José Torres, finishing up on a doubleheader card that also matches Welterweight Champion Emile Griffith against José Stabile, should put on one of the best fights of the year in any weight. Torres has fast hands, too, and backs them with rattling force. Pastrano, who has been called, unavoidably, Willie the Wisp because of his dancing-ghost style, will need to be at his wispiest to evade the combination punching of Torres, a man who is getting his chance after years of frustration.

With a boxing revival going on at

Madison Square Garden—if the recent Emile Torrell-Eddie Machen frug in Chicago did not turn everybody back to *Peoria Place*—the two champions, Pastrano and Griffith, will be handsomely paid for their work. Pastrano has his choice of \$100,000 or 30% of the net. Griffith has the option of \$70,000 or 20%. The challengers, Torres and Stabile, will get \$10,000 each. The Garden has been scaled for \$250,000, with ringside tickets at \$30, and last week people were already standing in line at the windows. But most of the purse will come from closed-circuit telecasts at theaters spread around the country. "One fight by itself wouldn't be enough of an attraction for theater TV," said Harry Markson, the Garden's director of boxing. "The two, however, should draw very well. Griffith and Stabile are good punchers. In Pastrano vs. Torres we have the classic situation of a hover vs. a puncher."

Torres, a 29-year-old Puerto Rican,

Continued

used to draw large and fanatical crowds when he fought as a middleweight at New York's St. Nicholas Arena and Sunnyside Gardens. But his manager, Gus D'Amato, then feuding with the old International Boxing Club, kept Torres out of Madison Square Garden. Torres could not get a championship fight, although he met and soundly whipped some of the best young fighters around, among them Al Andrews, Benny Paret and Randy Sandy. In 27 professional bouts Torres knocked out 21 fighters; he never lost, and he was never knocked off his feet. But with few fights, and none of those of any real moment, Torres became discouraged. In May of 1963 he was knocked out by Florentino Fernandez and woke up broke. Then he met Cain Young, a Brooklyn real estate dealer, and found a friend and sponsor. Torres became a 170-pound light heavyweight. Cain Young offered a \$10,000 guarantee to Bobo Olson—at the time the No. 3 light heavyweight contender—for a fight at the Garden last November. Torres knocked out Olson with a dizzying combination of punches in the first round and thus earned his shot at Pastrano's title. To get the fight, however, Cain Young had to guarantee Pastrano's purse.

Pastrano and Torres have somewhat similar reputations when it comes to training. Neither of them likes it. Both prefer city lights, good food and entertaining companions. The necessary discipline of a training camp is repulsive to the laughing Torres and the epicurean Pastrano, who was raised in the French Quarter of New Orleans by Italian and Spanish parents.

"But I am training to fight 20 rounds," Torres said last week at his camp in the Stonybrook Hill Club in Hillsdale, N.J. "I'm training harder and longer than I ever have in my life. I feel better now because I don't have to strain to be a middleweight on the scales."

Pastrano's ability as a master boxer means Torres must prepare for a great deal of movement if he is to locate his target. Pastrano protects his head very well. He has never been knocked out and has seldom been cut. Pastrano did lose to Heavyweight Brian London after suffering a deeply cut eyebrow, but he insists the blood was started by a butt, not a punch. It is reasonable, then, that Torres may attack Pastrano in the body to try to open a path to the head.

"I am working on infighting more than

usual," Torres said. "I think I know what Pastrano will do. He will press me, try to discourage me. He knows Fernandez beat me by pressing me, and Gomez Brennan gave me a good fight by pressing me. But Fernandez lost every round to me until I lost the fight in the fifth round. And I know Terry Downes did very well hitting Pastrano in the body until Pastrano knocked out Downes in the 11th round. In the movies I saw, Downes won nine rounds with body punches and getting inside."

D'Amato, who is training Torres although Cain Young is now José's manager, does not believe there is a boxing gap between his man and Pastrano, despite the champion's admitted excellence. "You may think this is a peculiar statement," D'Amato said, "but Torres will outbox as well as outpunch Pastrano. Jose has a better left hand than Pastrano. Is that crazy? It's true. Take away Pastrano's left jab and you remove his major weapon. He will get disgusted. Like taking the bullets out of a gun. Jose can take the left jab away by beating Pastrano to it. José's jab does damage. It's like a punch, not a flick. Jose is a fine body puncher and has tremendous combinations. He can throw a five-punch combination in such a short amount of time that I hesitate to speak of it. People would think I'm lying."

In his left foot Torres hit Olson a left hook to the kidney, a right cross to the jaw, a left hook to the jaw and a right uppercut to the jaw faster than you can say Hemic Manush. Olson did not have time to wave good night before he was on his way down and Torres was on his way up to a party in Harlem. At least, that seemed to be the combination. Torres himself felt that was how it was. But D'Amato says that was only half of it.

"I slowed down the film of the Olson fight," said D'Amato. "That was no four-punch combination. José hit Olson seven times so quickly you couldn't see three of the punches. Pastrano fights with his hands down. Against a fighter who throws one punch at a time, Pastrano can make him miss all night. But he'll be amazed by the combinations he sees from Jose. He'll have to keep his hands up to protect his head, because any single punch by Torres can do damage. Torres has good, shifty legs. Pastrano likes people to come straight at him so he can make fools of them. Jose

can move in, jab, be shifty, unload a combination, move out. I expect, if Torres does what he's capable of, he'll be the first fellow to knock out Willie Pastrano."

Such a thought is met with sneers and hoots at the Pastrano camp. The champion labors in a pastel-colored gym that is decorated with red, yellow and orange autumn-leaf arrangements on the walls. In the institutional atmosphere of Kutscher's—where everybody is doggedly determined to have fun even if it means taking ice-skating lessons—Pastrano plays a lot of cards and yawns quite a bit. But under the eyes of Trainer Lou Gross, Pastrano keeps the speed bag racking with his astonishing quickness, and he does his sit-ups—does them as if he had cockleburrs in his T-shirt, true, but does them.

"Willie's a lazy guy," Gross said, watching the speed bag flipping back and forth. "You have to stay after him all the time. If I had \$100,000 coming to me for this one fight, I wouldn't look cross-eyed at anybody. But not Willie. He thinks he gets paid for fighting, not for training."

"I'm looking for an easier way to make a living. Got any ideas?" Pastrano asked.

"Yeah," said Gross. "Sell newspapers on the street for a dollar and a half a day."

"I got a better idea than that," Pastrano said. "I'll become a trainer. Couldn't be anything easier. When I win a fight, it's we won it. When I lose a fight, I lost it."

"Well, that's how it is," said Gross. A suggestion that Torres had proved himself really formidable by his sudden dispatch of Olson aside Gross chuckle.

"Throw that out," Gross said. "Throw out that fight, Olson? He was 36 years old, and Torres hit him early. Let it go another round or two and it might have been a different fight. Listen, we know Torres. We've seen him. He's fast, but he can't punch unless he stops his footwork. When he does that, he can be hit. And Torres ain't the bravest guy in the world. He can't take a punch like Willie can. Willie can take a punch better than anybody. Willie is the best fighter there is, a sweetheart. He's the smartest fighter in the ring. Outside the ring, I won't say."

Pastrano began fighting at the age of 12 to protect himself from skunk little

continued

**a few words to mothers
who have to live with their children**

You'd never tell them. But they'd be much better off if they knew.

What it's like to go to bed early when their friends come over.

To hang around a kitchen that's not your own. To overhear arguments about yourself.

To live with mother-in-law jokes. If only they knew, maybe they'd build themselves
the retirement nest egg you never had. **STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA**



State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America, Worcester, Massachusetts. Founded in 1844. Life-Health-Group.



kids in the Vieux Carré who would run up and punch him in the stomach and then run off yelling, "Fat Willie!" He was five feet tall and weighed 180 pounds when he started going to Whitey Esneault's gym with his friend, Ralph Dupas. The other kids still laughed at Fat Willie. So Pastrano and Dupas would train at night and get up very early for their roadwork. He dropped his weight to 126. He was always an expert boxer who did not have a debilitating punch but could dodge in and out behind a fast left and leave the ring with his face unmarked. "I don't like to get hit," Pastrano said. "You know why? It hurts."

Willie Pep, an outstanding boxer, once

advised Pastrano: "It's not smart to get hit, kid. Every time you do, it shortens your career. The public likes a fearless slugger, but that won't pay your hospital bills."

"So I avoid getting hit," Pastrano said. "Defense is part of boxing. So is teamwork. I don't want my brains upset. Anybody who likes to get hit is crazy."

Weight has been something of a problem to Pastrano. He fought as heavy as 196 pounds during his tour as a heavyweight. "I used to hit the heavyweights with my best shot, and they'd just smile at me. It was depressing," he said. During his career Pastrano has lost to some

fighters who will never be in the Hall of Fame. Joe Eakins, Jesse Bowdry and Alonzo Johnson are among those who beat him. Chuck Spenser drew with him. The word was that Pastrano's unenthusiastic training was the reason for the defeats. Less than four years ago Pastrano quit the ring. After a year of retirement he went back. He has five children. Then the break came. Fighting for Angelo Dundee out of Miami Beach, Pastrano beat Harold Johnson in a controversial match in Las Vegas and became light heavyweight champion. Last year after his TKO of Downes in his third title defense, Pastrano was voted Fighter of the Year by the Boxing Writers Association.

It is an impressive fact that Pastrano has never been knocked down. "I can't imagine Torres doing it, either," said Lou Gross. "The guy Pastrano ought to fight is Cassius Clay. We'd bring Clay to his senses. Clay can't fight a guy he'd have to hunt for. We'd give him that side-to-side action, and Clay doesn't have the experience to find us."

"Us?" said Pastrano.

For Emile Griffith, a championship doubleheader calls up ugly memories. Two years ago in Los Angeles, Griffith lost his title to Luis Rodriguez, and on the same night Sugar Ramos killed Davey Moore, who was then the featherweight champion. Griffith, a wide-shouldered man with long sideburns, could have some difficulty with Stabile, a 24-year-old Cuban now fighting out of New York. Stabile is a hob-and-weave fighter who is fairly hard to hit and has an adequate punch. In his last fight, a non-title match with Manuel González in Houston, Griffith lost, but the welterweight champion will go into the ring against Stabile a decided favorite.

Boxing attendance at Madison Square Garden has doubled from 4,000 to 8,000 on an average night since the Floyd Patterson-George Chuvalo fight on Feb. 1. That one drew 19,100. The double-header should do as well. "At the Patterson-Chuvalo fight we saw the old fans coming back," said John Condon, boxing press agent at the Garden. "You can't fool the real fight public. The Terrell-Machen thing slowed the momentum of the boxing revival to some extent. It proved matchmaking should be left to professionals. A good fight will draw a good crowd. That's the way it was in the past and always will be."



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A tattletale from the living room

Two of my best friends are business associates. Lee Hazen of New York, a bridge star who needs no introduction to those who know their top experts, is my attorney; he takes care of most of my business and financial interests. Harry Siegel of Atlanta, a bridge star in his own smaller milieu, runs my enterprises in the field of booklets, scorepads, table covers and a dozen other accessories to the game. Not only is each a genius at handling the problems that fall within his province, but, because they play bridge frequently and have a keen eye for a good hand, they often supply me with material.

For example, below is a hand they played against one another at my Miami home in a friendly rubber game in which each had his wife as a partner. Had I been kibitzing, perhaps

*Both wives formidable
North-South 40 on score
South dealer*



Opening lead, King of hearts

I would not have reported this hand, for I do not like to squeal when my friends are guilty of boo-boos. But I was somewhere in the Pacific on my recent Orient cruise, and Lee Hazen, with characteristic modesty, did not hesitate to turn himself in as the culprit.

Despite the warning that the hand is tricky, you may easily commit Hazen's error.

Hazen's opening bid will surprise readers who would never dream of bidding over game (don't forget the North-South part score) except as a slam try. With no partial score, it would be correct to bid only three clubs in order not to bypass three no trump, but in this case four clubs was entirely proper. If you are going to preempt, give it all the hand is worth and do not let a part score lure you into an underbid that will not serve its purpose as a shutout. But even four clubs failed to keep Harry Siegel quiet and Lee had to go to five.

Playing at five clubs, Hazen won the heart lead with his ace, crossed to dummy with a spade and pitched his heart loser on another spade. Next he led the singleton trump from dummy. Are you with him thus far? And, if so, would you finesse or not?

If your first plays were the same as Hazen's, don't bother giving the matter too much thought. You have already blown your chance. Hazen took a winning finesse in clubs but it was not enough. He still had to lose two club tricks and a diamond as well.

The winning play is to cash the ace of clubs at trick two. If both opponents follow, you can play for a quick heart discard on spades or you can continue trumps and plan to discard a diamond later.

But West shows out on the first club lead, and you know you cannot avoid two trump losers. Therefore, you have to play to avoid a loser in the side suits. You cross to the high spade, discard a heart on the second high spade and lead a third spade and ruff it. Only if the spades break can you hope to get rid of your diamond loser. But they do break. You continue by leading the club queen to knock out East's king, and nothing the defenders can do will hurt you. Even if they return a diamond at once, knocking out dummy's entry, you can win the hand by leading a good spade and discarding your losing diamond while East ruffs away his second trump trick.

It's really very simple, isn't it—once you've discovered your danger?

END

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crystal ball
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Add this pair to your Derby list

Isle of Greece and Tom Rolfe, a son of Ribot, are colts of classic bearing. Either could be a threat

The crowd of 21,483 on hand for the Governor's Gold Cup at Bowie last Saturday went home with mixed and mystifying thoughts. On the one hand, it saw Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs' Isle of Greece run away to a four-length victory in the seven-furlong test and must conclude that this gray son of Porterhouse is a genuine Kentucky Derby candidate.

On the other hand, there was the scratching of Raymond Guest's Tom Rolfe. This most promising Ribot colt turned away from his feed tub early in the morning and subsequently was discovered to be running a slight temperature. "It is nothing serious," said his trainer, Frank Whiteley, "because we caught it in time, and it will probably set his training back only three or four days. We'll now point for the seven-furlong Bay Shore at Aqueduct on March 24 and then go in either the Gotham [April 3] or the Wood Memorial [April 17] before shipping to Kentucky."

Isle of Greece's win was significant, in the opinion of his trainer-breeder, Hirsch Jacobs, because it was the first meeting of the year between a colt who had raced at Santa Anita and those who had come up from Hialeah. Isle of Greece's record on the West Coast—three wins in eight starts—was commendable if not spectacular. He was

beaten only two lengths by Lucky Debonair in the San Vicente and then lost by slightly less than that margin to Jacinto and Lucky Debonair in the San Felipe.

"That means," said Jacobs, "that if we can beat horses like Hi-Hasty and Golden Joey and Bosun so easily, Lucky Debonair and Jacinto must be really good, with Isle of Greece not too far behind. The Santa Anita form looked good from the beginning, but now it looks as if it might hold up against anything from the East—until we discover what's going to happen with Bold Lad's comeback."

Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's Bosun just has not run to the form that carried him to four wins and two seconds in six 1964 starts. The son of Sailor was a big, impressive 2-year-old but seems now more like a not-developed-enough 3-year-old. He had no excuse in the Governor's Gold Cup, finishing fourth, a length behind the early pacesetter, Golden Joey, who was barely a head behind second-place Hi-Hasty.

It has become fashionable in recent years to think of Derby favorites in terms of those colts who have made the most impressive records in Florida and California—totally neglecting the ones who never got to either of those winter-racing states. For example, on the same day that Isle of Greece was winning at Bowie, Dupper Delegate boosted his own Derby stock by taking the Louisiana Derby at New Orleans' Fair Grounds for his fourth victory in a row. And what about the many who skipped racing altogether to train in South Carolina? Tom Rolfe is one of these. Greentree's Grotton is another, and both will be seen soon at Aqueduct.

But if Grotton is a good long-shot bet, I would consider Tom Rolfe a safer one even though he has made only one start this year, winning over six furlongs at Bowie on March 3. Like most sons of Ribot, Tom Rolfe is a bit on the small side, and also like the Ribots, he does not do much early running. However, he can be placed anywhere. He stormed from sixth to beat Sadair by two and a half lengths in last fall's Cowdin, indicating that he is capable of going a real distance. Out of the mare Pocahontas, by Roman, Tom Rolfe is a half brother to Raymond Guest's speedy Chieftain, who discovered last year that speed, not stamina, was his forte. By coincidence Chieftain was by Bold Ruler,

At any rate, if Tom Rolfe does develop into a colt of top quality, nobody will deserve the honor more than Virginia Politician-Sportsman Raymond Guest. A massive man with snow-white hair, a hearty laugh and an engaging sense of humor, Guest was an eight-pole polo player for many years. The day before he came to Bowie, only to learn of Tom Rolfe's untimely fever, he had motored up to Washington from his Powhatan Plantation near King George, Va., to be briefed at the White House by President Johnson on his duties as our newly appointed Ambassador to Ireland. Guest also owns a 300-acre stud farm 14 miles from Dublin, and one of the stallions standing there is Larkspur, who won him the Epsom Derby in 1962. "The Irish and I get along marvelously," said Guest on Saturday as he strolled through the Bowie mob in the kind of tweed cap that he regularly wears to the Curragh. "They wanted me to keep Larkspur over there so badly that I sold half of him for \$140,000 and spent the money to buy my own place, Ballygoran Park in Maynooth, County Kildare. I did it for the Irish, nothing else."

Guest has made the study of early Virginia history a favorite pastime, and from his bookwork have come many names for his horses, including Tom Rolfe. "My farm is named Powhatan after the Indian chief who greeted Captain John Smith when he landed in 1607. After Pocahontas saved Smith's life she married a tobacco planter, John Rolfe. Their one son was Thomas Rolfe, founder of many fine Virginia families. Incidentally, Pocahontas was received as a visiting princess at England's court and went hunting with British royalty. While returning to Virginia, she became fatally ill on shipboard in the Thames Estuary and was buried at Gravesend."

The Irish will surely go for this White Knight of a romanticist, but visitors to the U.S. Embassy in Dublin this summer probably will find the reception even warmer if they brush up on their race results on the way over. And if they show up on May 1 they may find the Ambassador still at home. "I'd sure like to see Tom Rolfe in the Kentucky Derby," said Guest, "but I don't know if I can get home. My job starts on April 26, and if I turn around and come home the next day, I'm afraid President Johnson might fire me after one day on the Government payroll."

ENR

Twelve flew out of the pressure cooker

Reduced one way or another by the perplexities of their game, a dozen college basketball coaches have become ex-coaches since the season ended. Others may follow. What caused this run of resignations?

These are the sounds of college basketball coaches getting out of college basketball coaching:

- "I could feel myself little by little just kind of shrinking"—Ed Jucker, Cincinnati.
- "I've always been pretty wild at games, but I could always calm down. The last couple of years I found I was unable to calm down, to get control of myself."—Ray Eddy, Purdue.
- "The kids have changed. Each year

they are less willing to make the sacrifice, to pay the price. I found myself being excessively critical."—Chuck Orsborn, Bradley.

• "All of a sudden it seemed that all the students began chanting, 'Jordan must go! Jordan must go!' That one incident clinched it. I decided that coaching wasn't worth it."—Johnny Jordan, Notre Dame.

• "The seasons seemed to get longer and longer and the summers shorter and shorter"—Branch McCracken, Indiana.

• "There's no such thing as time to a basketball coach. They don't consider you have a home. You are expected to go 24 hours a day. I've got four kids. They grew up too fast. I want them to know me."—Ed Jucker, Cincinnati.

The two coaches who joined the swelling tide of evacuees last week, Ray Eddy of Purdue and Presley Asken of New Mexico State—brought to 12 the number that have either resigned or submitted to resignation (it is not always so easy to tell which) since the regular season ended.

Four quit in one week, an all-time record for this kind of action, and there are fresh tremors to indicate more will follow. The total number may not be impressive when you consider that by the popular undergraduate technique you could get them all into a Volkswagen. But in proper context—the job being as glamorous, notably rewarding, challenging and coveted as it is supposed to be—the rash of resignations is, at the very least, stunning.

The thread that ultimately draws them together—that occupational pressure peculiar to basketball—runs a twisting course in a study of the principals. They range from the sublimely successful Ed Jucker—two NCAA championships in his first two years at Cincinnati and runner-up in the third

and Chuck Orsborn of Bradley to consistent losers like Red Lawson of Georgia. The majority had won more than they had lost. Some had done poorly this season (Jim Williams was 4-19 at American University, Taps Gallagher 4-17 at Niagara), but some had had fine seasons (McCracken was 19-5 at Indiana). They are as old and experienced in their trade as Gallagher, who is 60 and has been at Niagara 31 years, and as young as Williams, 31, and Jim Nau of Idaho State, who has been at the job only two years.

Not all of them were physically bowled over by the pressure, Orsborn says, matter-of-factly, that coaching college basketball "is no more a pressure job than selling insurance or doing anything else these days." But Red Lawson broke under "physical and mental fatigue." Branch McCracken has been too ill to receive visitors for a week. Ed Jucker has been in and out of hospitals for three years. Taps Gallagher has a respiratory ailment and Pres Asken suffers from vertigo. Ray Mears of Tennessee, who has not quit, missed the 1962-63 season when he suffered a nervous breakdown.

Most of them claim they never experienced "traditional" pressures: scheming alumni, critical press, reactionary students and disloyal fans who wrote obscene letters and call at 4 in the morning. Orsborn was twice hanged in effigy and once burned at the stake the year he won 19 of 26 games, but he laughed it off. Still, Pres Asken was troubled when openly criticized by the Las Cruces, N.M. press. Harassing phone calls helped speed Eddie Melvin's resignation at Toledo. Gallagher was harassed by a sportscaster who regularly suggested ways to improve his team, and he could not always appreciate the perspective of Niagara's fans—"they are often intelligent, successful businessmen, even the rever-



SUCCESSFUL Beyond the dreams of many coaches, Ed Jucker wanted time to think.

end fathers, who cannot lose gracefully. Their philosophy is to be a good loser, but don't lose."

Though he is less shaken by such things, Chuck Orsborn remembers a day his daughter Carolyn came to him in tears and said, "Daddy, I'm glad you won last night. Now they won't be so hard on me at school." Orsborn reminded her of the time Bradley won the NIT and she rode into Peoria from the airport in an open car, waving and calling to her friends. "I told her she had to learn to take the good with the bad. But that didn't make me forget those tears."

Some are bitter over their experience. Nau, of New Mexico State, says he is out of the game for good at 34. Taps Gallagher, on the other hand, wishes he were starting all over. Many will stay on as professors at their schools; Orsborn would have coached another few years, had he not been offered the athletic directorship at Bradley. The majority felt, in one way or another, a growing weariness of the job, a kind of creeping despair they believed they had

brought on themselves—what Ray Mears called "becoming a victim of the enthusiasm you create."

"I'm only 53," says Eddy of Purdue, "certainly not retirement age, but I've been coaching 31 years and, believe me, there were no pressures I did not cause myself." Orsborn says he had gotten out of touch, had found it more and more difficult to communicate with 20-year-old boys. He says what shocked him most was that he had begun to forget names. "I'd have five guys in front of me and I'd say, 'Now, Joe, you go here. Fred you go there and uh, uh, you, you go over there.'"

If they all agreed on anything, it was that recruiting became a misery. "It's dog-eat-dog," says Eddy. "It was distasteful," said Johnny Jordan when he quit at Notre Dame. "A rat race," says Orsborn. "I let my assistant do most of it."

Easily the most shocking resignation was Jucker's—he has had a continuing success, and he is only 47. But Jucker is a far more intense man than, say, Chuck Orsborn. He has suffered from a series of hospitalizing ailments: a cyst operation, an appendectomy, a kidney ailment. Worse, he is dead serious every waking minute.

"I coach the game like I'm playing it," he says. "After a bad game, I feel like I've gone through a wringer. I'm completely exhausted physically. There is no such thing as a clock in this job. If a coach could just coach, he'd be better off—but there's mail, boosters' meetings, luncheons, frequent visitors, nightly obligations, recruiting plans for a particular game, screening of movies, and on and on. I'm not saying that's the way to coach. But that's the way I coached."

The conclusions to be drawn are at best fragmentary. Coaching college basketball has always been a little like eating spaghetti in a white shirt—revealing if handled neatly, obvious when mistakes are made. The fans have always sat on the scruff of a coach, peering over his shoulder. No one has yet advanced a formula for low-pressure recruiting. And with it all, one thing is sure, for every coach who quit, there are five, 10, 20 ready to close the ranks. And for every coach getting old and tired there is an Adolph Rupp who, at 63, said the other day, "I'm going on until they carry me out." It is the particular nature of the business.

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ALARMED at his growing reputation, Chuck Orsborn quit to be athletic director.



THE WORRIED, EXCITABLE SKIPPER OF *MAREDEU* STARES FIERCELY AT HIS COMPASS DURING THE RACE FROM MIAMI TO NASSAU

BOATING / *Hugh Whall*

Another Morgan sails the sea for treasure

The America's Cup is the loot that Skipper Charles Morgan has his eye on. The way he goes after it is reminiscent of Morgan the Pirate

Nobody (officially, anyway) has yet asked Charlie Morgan to build a boat to defend the America's Cup in 1987. But the most excitable yacht designer in the business is pretty positive that before long somebody will—so he is getting his ideas for a new defender down on paper, and is even putting some of them in a testing tank. "I'm taking off in a whole new direction," Morgan said in a rare moment of quiet during a race last week, but before the new direction could be clearly defined, Charlie Morgan was off on still another tack. He was intent on beating a fleet of ocean racers to Nassau as skipper of a brand-new boat of his own design, the 60-foot yawl *Maredeu*, and winning a race is no casual matter for Charlie Morgan.

At the helm of a boat, particularly one of his own design, this young (35) sailordesigner with the practical name is like a high-tension wire that has been doused

with salt spray. He splutters, he fumes, he rants and he shouts in a single-minded, frenetic determination to get the boat to the finish line first. As *Maredeu* headed out from Miami in the final distance race of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference, the wind was fair for a reach across the Gulf Stream, and Morgan had piled on all the sail his boat could bear. "What do you think this is, a midnight race?" he yelled at his panting crewmen (it seemed to me we already were working our hearts out). "Lookin' those boys on *Figaro* [a smaller boat that should have been dropping back faster], they're 12-meter sailors. You don't see them sitting around."

A puff lunged through the Miami Beach skyline. *Maredeu* staggered for a moment under the press of sail until Morgan gave her her head. Then she took off with sudden new vigor. "Yippee," yelled the skipper. "Wowee." The

puff left and two crewmen abandoned the weather rail where they had perched at Morgan's orders to balance the boat. For a second Morgan took his eye off the water, the sails, the wheel, the compass to reprimand them. "Get your tails back up there. Come on, don't just flop around, get up there and sit tail to tail. Get good and cozy."

For *Maredeu* and her designer this was an important race. When Space Scientist Dr. Homer Dinius of Melbourne, Fla., a man who likes to be No. 1, asked Morgan to build him a new boat, he specifically asked for a craft that would be 1) the most comfortable cruising boat possible, and 2) the fastest Class-A ocean racer in the world. With her 14-foot beam, 40-foot waterline and 1,550 square feet of working sail, *Maredeu*—the biggest fiber-glass boat of her kind ever built—fulfilled the first requirement easily. She has one more cabin than any other boat her size, 2½ tons of air conditioning, hot and cold running showers, complete cabin ventilation system and a deep freeze that, even open, keeps butter so hard one has to cut it with a file saw. The second part of Dinius' request was more difficult.

Maredeu's owner had hoped to accumulate victories through the S.O.R.C., then go north for the New York Yacht Club Cruise, the Bermuda race, and perhaps the Transatlantic. His new boat won her first race handily but, after the next two—the Fort Lauderdale and the Lipson Cup—hopes began to sag. With the wind fair for Nassau, it was an open question whether the yawl's

continues



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The whole family "lives" on skis! Mrs. Nelson, here shown with her five youngsters, is a certified instructor

PHOTO BY STEPHEN KELTON

big, brut spinnakers or her equally fast skipper were pulling harder to win.

"Who's on the main?" Morgan suddenly demanded as *Marela* leaped ahead. "Suck that mossa in, Big Daddy," he yelled at the sweating hand. Then, "Let it out, damn it," as a puff struck. The puff passed and the crewman let the sheet run. "No," screamed Morgan, "you're too late." The crewman, now thoroughly out of step, pulled it back in. Morgan, speechless, snatched the mainsheet with his left hand, controlling the bucking wheel with his right. With feet braced against the yawl's motion, one hand on the sheet, the other on the wheel, he was like a sinner in a pulley. In time, someone relieved him at the wheel and Morgan devoted himself to the mainsail, trimming and easing the sheet with every change of wind speed. Suddenly he spotted something wrong with a spinnaker. He surrendered the mainsheet and darted over to concentrate on this new chore. With all sails drawing properly at last, he charged up to the bow and for a moment just stood there. "You know," he said to no one in particular, "I'm a far better crew than I am a skipper."

Through all the afternoon and into the moonlit night the Nassau-bound fleet moved onward. Occasionally innocent little puffballs of cloud skimmed between the moon and boats. Beneath the clouds hung stinging cones of wind. These miniature squalls sent *Marela* surfing down in an explosion of foam and flying fish. Often the helmsman could not stop her from swinging into a rhythmic roll. Meanwhile, the main boom strained against the line (known technically as a vang) that kept it from rising beyond a horizontal position. Most skippers would not dare rig such a line in a heavy sea for fear the boom might bury itself in the water during a roll and be unable to float free. But Charlie Morgan is not most skippers. As *Marela* plunged forward, he was merrily whistling the air of *Blow the Man Down*. Then he remembered the sailor's superstition about whistling. "Better not do that," he muttered, and changed the whistle to a Spanish song until *Marela* began to roll again.

But the hex apparently had taken hold. As the watch was about to change at midnight another pocket of wind raced over *Marela*. The man who had relieved Morgan at the helm, his arms and shoulders

weak from fighting the slippery wheel for half an hour, allowed *Marela* to run across the sea. Down went the vang-lashed main boom, digging deep into the water, unable to rise. Unable, as well, to absorb the shock of the catarract of water rushing over it, the big spar snapped with a huge metallic thump. Made of aluminum and thick as a young telephone pole, the boom had broken almost precisely at the vang. Morgan was outwardly philosophical about the accident. "I knew we should have taken the vang off," he said.

While crewmen attempted to repair the broken boom, *Marela* drove on under spinnaker and mizzen spinnaker. Six hours later, as the squalls grew less frequent and the sun began to rise, the mainsail was raised again. But a good half an hour—or four miles—had gone with the main, and so had *Marela*'s chances of winning the Miami-Nassau. "This is the last beat of mine that's broken a major piece of gear," said Morgan, as *Marela* slid up to the dock, a miserable fifth in Class A and 14th overall—far behind Joe Byars' amazing little 40-footer *Danbarn*, which repeated her Miami-Nassau win of two years ago. "I think," said Owner Demus, "that we won't race up north this summer after all. I think we'll just cruise to Trinidad instead."

Obviously Morgan's latest boat is not the instant giant beater she was expected to be, but neither is she a dog. With her bags shaken out, she will doubtless record a respectable number of wins in the future—but the future is not yet, and Charlie Morgan is an impatient man. Nevertheless, he took the defeat in stride. "If you go ocean racing," he said, "you must be prepared for heartbreak."

After a few martinis and a meal of burnt conch, Morgan's heart had partially healed and he was ready to talk again about the future and the past. "The minute I was exposed to sailing," he said, "I wanted to design boats and sail them." Since there were no schools offering courses in naval architecture for a boy of 10, young Morgan had to content himself with building model sailboats and, at every opportunity, sailing in regattas. After school, on weekends and holidays, he worked for Tampa Sailmaker Clinton Johnson. At 17 he already had raced from St. Petersburg, his hometown, to Havana. Three years later, he sailed a little old-fashioned gaff cutter in the same race with his present

business partner, Bruce Hadwell. They nearly beat a brand-new, hot ocean racer full of the latest gear and sails.

Morgan can't recall just which of them was his first, but thinks he has owned at least 22 boats of one kind or another, including Snipes, Thistles, Lightnings, and a Star. The boat that brought him his first real fame as a designer, however, was *Paper Tiger*, a startling innovation in fiber-glass construction that proved a topflight ocean racer (SI, June 18, 1962).

After *Paper Tiger* Morgan began to concentrate on designing bigger and better boats—like 12 meters. He also went to a hospital for a month after taking too many antibiotics. Confined to a bed, he managed to set up three drawing boards. On one were the lines of *Salve*, which turned out to be the winner of last year's Fort Lauderdale race, on another was a 74-foot fiber-glass hull, and on the third was Morgan's dream of a 12 meter.

Morgan has what amounts to an obsession over the America's Cup, and his designing skill will certainly play a part in the next defense. "I feel it's a national thing—it's part of our heritage," says Morgan. "As younger people have a duty to be prepared when the time comes," he says. Just what Morgan has in mind for the cup probably will not be disclosed until his boat is launched. But it is pretty sure to be something new and startling. Morgan had never sailed on a 12 or even seen one until 1962, when he served as a crewman aboard Olin Stephens' *Columbia*. "Up to that time," he says, "my ideas leaned in the direction Ted Hood was taking." Hood's *Nefertiti* was the beamiest of all the 12s. "Then," Morgan explains, "I sailed aboard *Columbia* and saw I was completely wrong."

Columbia's designer has long been a Morgan idol. Charlie earned the plans of Stephens' famed ocean racer, *Stormy Weather*, in his pocket until they disintegrated from being unfolded and refolded. While Stephens' influence surely will be felt in any design Morgan turns out, it is safe to say that he will add something of his own. Stephens himself will still be around the next time the cup is defended, and if Morgan wants to win, he'll have to beat the master—and Morgan is a man who likes to win. "They say," he says, "that I'm too serious about winning. But it's not that. It's just that I'm serious about not losing."

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THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

It is not bullfighting or auto racing, but the gentle pursuit of the mushroom. The ones on left, morels, are a gourmet's delight widely hunted each spring, but the true mushroomer quests after more exotic types, nibbling at his own risk

BY BIL GILBERT

There are two places, mid-Appalachia and the mitten of Michigan, in which I have lived long enough and have been sufficiently at leisure to know what the countryside is up to. In both of these places there are three occasions each year when the land itself—not the promoters of tulip festivals, drumbeaters for caves with electric organs or advance men for state parks—draws big crowds. These are the times when it is hard to find parking space along certain back roads and when the usually empty boondocks are alive with sporting types from far away. In the fall there is the deer hunting season, and in the spring, through a somewhat overlapping period, there is the attraction you guessed—trout fishing—and the one you did not—wild-mushroom collecting.

All three of these enthusiasms are similar, in that they are costerful exercises in food gathering. However, the pursuit of deer and trout has been elevated (or should it be degenerated?) to sport. There is an army of publicists, philosophers, manufacturers and merchants who have a considerable stake in seeing that these pursuits become bigger and better sports. On the other hand, mushroom hunting, when it is *continued*

regarded at all by outsiders—which is not often, because it is difficult to make a buck out of a mushroom hunter, since all he needs by way of equipment is a paper bag or tin can—strikes them as some sort of a creepy cross between black magic and truck farming. What follows is a minority vote in favor of the proposition that it is sportier and requires more energy, woodcraft and nerve to pick and eat a mess of wild mushrooms than it does to pull a little fish out of a stream or blow a hole in a deer at a hundred yards.

Take this matter of derring-do. Nobody can deny that it is a gutsy thing to walk through the woods in the fall when every crunched leaf stirs violent hallucinations in the buck-fevered imaginations of Nimrods, or to wade a stream in April when the hoots are flying like hornets. However, these dangers are not technically part of the sport of hunting or fishing, any more than being struck down by lightning is a planned hazard on a golf course. Being felled by a 30-30 or garrotted with a length of monofilament are better examples of the fickleness of fate than they are of sportsmen knowingly challenging it.

Not so with mushroom hunting, where the risks are, so to speak, structured and openly courted. There are at least 5,000 species of fungus growing in this country, and their properties, vis-à-vis the human digestive system, vary wildly and mysteriously. Many of them are good to eat. Good, in fact, is a pole word. Delicious, delectable, divine is the way people have been describing the savoriness of these vegetables since the beginning of history. In imperial Rome, by way of example, what we know as the *Amanita caesarea*, or Caesar's mushroom, was called *cibus divorum*—the food of the gods. So valued was it that neither plebeians nor slaves were allowed to do the cooking. Special amber knives were used to slice them, and the preparation was reserved for noble hands. This custom was probably regarded as something of a blessing by the regular kitchen help, since the *Amanita caesarea* is a close relative of *Amanita phalloides*, whose common name, destroying angel, gives a rather broad hint as to its character.

Despite the fact that a good mushroom is very, very good indeed, a bad one can be worse than horrid. Among our native fungi there are species that cause nausea, cramps, spasms, horrendous hangovers or hallucinations, and others that can kill you dead. Even so, it might seem to the uninitiated that there is no particular problem. After all, we regularly sprinkle sodium chloride on our steak and avoid cyanide crystals without making a moment of truth out of the decision. It would seem that, depending upon whether he was seeking a good meal, a vision or suicide, a reasonable man could select the proper mushroom and let the rest alone. However, the choice is not that simple, for mushrooms are like women—one man's passion is another's poison. There seems to be great variance in what might be daintily called "individual tolerance" to some of the fungi. Species generally regarded as edible can cause strong and

bizarre allergic reactions in an unhappy minority. The early morel, a widely sought and admired table delicacy, is in this category, causing a few of its fans to suffer an abrupt and noticeable impairment of muscular control.

Not only are some mushrooms tricky, but many of them are unknown quantities as far as toxicity goes. All over the country it is possible to find fungi upon which there is wildly conflicting testimony from experts (living) as to edibility, or no testimony at all. Faced with this confusion, the real mushroom buff does not, as common sense might indicate, turn to potato chips or spiced shrimp for his gastronomical kicks. Upon encountering a fungus of doubtful character, the dyed-in-the-woods mushroomeer cuts a bit of it and then watches for and records any resulting infirmities for future—he hopes—reference. This guinea-pig syndrome is at the heart of the mushroom mystique. It makes mushroom hunting a thrill sport that separates the gourmets from the grunts, and occasionally the quick from the dead. Alexander H. Smith, in his authoritative and vastly entertaining *The Mushroom Hunter's Field Guide*, underscores the adventuresome side of the game. A University of Michigan professor, he writes of *Helvella esculenta*, one of the so-called false morels:

"Dangerous, but edible and choice if you do not have a sensitivity to it. . . . Each person must try it for himself or herself, and it follows that this species should never be sold as an edible fungus on markets or at mushroom festivals." Louis C.C. Krieger, in his *Popular Guide to the Higher Fungi (Mushrooms) of New York State*, says that 160 people are known to have died from eating the *Gyromitra esculenta*, another false morel. I am not prepared to accept these figures, but the fact remains that those who use fungi for food are taking their chances. In the central part of Michigan the *Helvella esculenta* ranks with the morels in the number of pounds collected for human consumption.

It is this kind of spirit, I contend, that entitles a really gung-ho mushroomeer to look down upon not only deerstalkers and fly-fishermen, but also mountain climbers, karate experts, drag racers and bullfighters as timid, cautious fellows.

My own mushroom-hunting problem is that I suffer from two conflicting character flaws: cowardice and gluttony. I have attempted to resolve this dilemma by restricting my mushrooming to several relatively "safe" species, notably the true morels. These morels have certain things going for them which make them a favorite of us hungry nervous Nellies. To begin with, no fungus is quite so toothsome, an assessment that even the hairy-chested savorers of muscarine and phallin (the principal toxic agents in sporty mushrooms) will agree with. There are several kinds of true morels and, barring the spasmodic condition produced in some by the early morels, all appear to be safe eating. Also—and here you see the crux of my thinking—morels are difficult to confuse with any other kind of mushroom.

continued



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DANGEROUS GAME

Growing up through the leaves on pale, buffy hollow stalks, the caps of the morels are strongly pitted and ridged, looking much like small brown sponges. Morels are commonly called corncocks, and in the Appalachian region there is another nickname which, unfortunately, is indekate.

Even though morels are about as safe to identify and eat as mushrooms can be, I am the type who, if I could, would be willing to buy them in large supermarkets where they presumably would be identified by experts whom my heirs could sue if they mistakenly stuffed a destroying angel into the Septesmal plastic bag. However, except occasionally in country markets and certain gourmet groceries that prosper by bringing the country to the rich, morels cannot be bought. Like most other wild mushrooms, they do not lend themselves to agricultural production. The *Agaricus bisporus* that can be grown, sold and canned commercially is good enough, but it compares to the morel and the other feral species as does a frozen piece of haddock to a fresh-caught trout. There is nothing to do, once one has become addicted to morels, but to go out into the bosky glades and hunt for them. This is not as easy as it sounds. Not only are morels hard to come by, but one must compete with other hunters who will go to considerable lengths to confuse and mislead their fellows. For the sake of both health and success, a tenderfoot on his first hunts is advised to follow at the heels of a veteran.

My own mushrooming partner is a stout 13-year-old, Butch Seferd. Butch, who watches the world from behind heavy lenses with supersharp eyes, looks something like an upright beaver, but he is the best self-made naturalist in Hamilton Township, Pa. Long ago I learned that if I really need a fledgling crow, a bobcat track or a luna moth cocoon, the man to see is Butch Seferd. Butch comes from a long line of dedicated mushroomers. His parents operate a restaurant at the gap where Route 16 crosses the Catocin Mountains. In the spring of the year—mid-April to mid-May—when the oak leaves look like mice and the morels are popping up through

a continued



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DAINGEROUS GAME *continued*

the leaf mold, it is a rare thing to find all of the Seifers in the restaurant at the same time. A few will man the counters and cashbox. The rest are out mushrooming. If you have pull, it is sometimes possible to get a plate of sauteed morels at the restaurant, but when it comes to telling you where to collect your own mushrooms the Seifers are a close-mouthed clan, even among themselves. My own in with Butch is based on an exchange-of-services arrangement. For distant points of natural-history interest, zoos, museums, hawk cliffs Butch needs a set of wheels which I supply. In exchange, I get guide service.

Starting out one morning from the restaurant at about the same time as Butch and I were his mother and uncle. "No point in following them," Butch said, needing his mother. "They'll take us on a wild-geese chase." Mrs. Seiferd, a bawdier young woman, laughed, but did not deny Butch's charge.

"We'll show them. I got a good place I've been saving." Butch threw out and, that challenge delivered, we left. With Butch setting the course through a maze of back roads, we drove into the Catocins, crossing Tomis Creek, Friends Creek and the headwaters of Hunting Creek. All of these streams are stocked with brooks and rainbows, and have the reputation of being some of the best trout waters in the region, but on this morning the mushroom hunters wandering through the thickets with bags and buckets outnumbered the flycasters two to one (various species of mushrooms can be hunted from early spring to late fall, but spring morels draw the big crowds).

Butch would scornfully dismiss the sites picked by other collectors we passed: "Won't get half a bag there. Too dry. Haven't been anything in that hollow for two years."

Though morels are continent-wide in distribution, their location within a given area is likely to be patchy. The trick is to find the patches and, since morels tend to come back season after season in the same place, to protect your area from other collectors. A savvy, down-to-earth mushroomer is no more apt to lead a stranger to productive morel ground than a prospector would lead a tourist to the Lost

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Dutchman Mine. Whether offered in a spirit of subterfuge or not, there are almost as many theories about where to find morels as there are people looking for them. Depending on whom you talk to and where you are, you get the word that morels are to be found on the east, west, north or south sides of mountains, along wet seeps, in dry scree slides, under oak trees, beneath old apple trees, in pine groves, near blackberry canes, hay-scented ferns or Johnny-jump-ups, in leaf mold, in till dirt, never in fill dirt. . . .

None of these woody-craftsy notions is exactly false but, on the other hand, none is exclusively true. Morels, like other mushrooms, are propagated by a fine spore which, when dry, is carried by wind and water. Thus morels are found in all such places as mentioned above, and also in the entrances to woodchuck holes, on railway embankments and on the 16th green of a certain golf course. In practice, these contradictory myths regarding the ecology of morels serve as a sort of natural conservation device. A man who is convinced because his daddy was convinced before him that morels are to be found in sassafras thickets with a southern exposure would walk right past morels growing in his front lawn because he knows they can't be there.

After tagging along behind Butch Seifert, my own feeling is that morels are where you find them, but where you find them is invariably where the greenbrier vines grow the sharpest thorns and the gnats fly in the thickest clouds. Butch, of course, has a more scientific approach. He claims that morels grow under tulip poplar trees. This is one of the more practical theories, since in southern Pennsylvania and western Maryland the tulip poplar is a dominant woodland tree. You can be almost certain of finding morels or any other forest product under a tulip poplar if you are willing to look long enough.

Leaving behind the poor misguided souls who were hunting morels in old orchards, pine brakes and other impossible places, Butch and I drove up into a gap and parked the car at the end of a logging road beside a beech tree that

bore a sign indicating it was a marker for the Mason-Dixon line. We had just got nicely started down an eastern slope when Butch jabbed me surreptitiously. Below us, giving us the out-of-the-corner-of-the-eye treatment, was a stout man puffing on a stogie and carrying a two-quart berry bucket. Butch gave me a sign, and we started down a ravine, through a laurel slick and then doubled back so that we were heading in the same direction as the man, but below him and out of sight.

"Fixed his clock," Butch said, well pleased with the maneuver.

We found the first morels in a place that satisfied both our standards, a briar-begirt, grass-hazy glade underneath a tulip poplar. The collective pronoun is stretching the truth a bit, since it was Butch who found the first mushroom and the majority of those discovered later, too. Morels are particularly abundant before most of the ground cover is in foliage. The caps push up through a mat of the previous fall's leaves, which are almost identical in color with the mushrooms. Once we got into good morel country, Butch's main worry was that I would tromp on rather than pick the objects of our search.

Finding mushrooms is like spotting other small natural phenomena. It requires a special sort of concentration. Obviously you have to be able to see what you are looking for, but you also must develop the talent for not seeing anything else. Thus a warbler watcher sees warblers and warblers alone, even though the sky may be dark with eagles. A rock hound will dig under a pile of black fur for a barely visible bit of quartz and will ask an astonishment, after he has pocketed his prize, "What bear?"

While I was ostensibly hunting mushrooms, I was seeing bloodroot, news, mantis cocoons, shrew tunnels and barred-owl pellets, along with an occasional morel. Butch, on the other hand, would stand in one spot, stare at the ground and pick morels out of nowhere. He was looking for morels, and if he did not see them, there was nothing to be seen. Thus as we progressed along the side of the mountain he outpicked me about three to one until "we" had

continued



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DAINGEROUS GAME

filled two bags. By midmorning it was time to quit. The sun was beating down hot, the eldest morels were wilting and so were we. Naturally, Butch directed us back by a route that enabled us to show off the full bags to competitors.

There is nearly as much advice to be had on what to do with a bag of morels once you have them as there is on where to get them. However, when it comes to eating, it is hard to get a bum steer, since morels are good to snipe no matter how cooked. One amendment to this sweeping testimonial is offered by those fungus chefs who caution that because some individuals are "sensitive" to some morels, all morels should be parboiled, removed from the water and then prepared to taste. However, I have yet to meet anyone who habitually follows this practice, or anyone who has been adversely affected—and remember, I am a coward. Apparently we Mason-Dixon liners are an insensitive lot.

But insensitive though morel hunters and morel eaters may be, we are not blinded by our prejudice. Many of us will admit that there may be something to be said for the sport and rewards of such things as trout fishing and deer hunting. When we have finished our buttered morels, our morel omelets and stuffed morels, we may even come out and say it. In the meantime, we subscribe to the vivid testimonial offered by one Ackie Loyd, a notable morel trencherman from Waynesboro, Va., who says of the delectable little fungi: "They whiten the teeth, sweeten the breath and make child-bearing a pleasure."

SEVERAL WAYS TO MAKE THE HUNT WORTHWHILE

The simplest recipe for morels may very well be the best—and is certainly the one Mrs. Seiford prefers. Washed and cut lengthwise, the caps and stems can be sautéed in butter with magnificent results. They can also be mixed into an omelet or into gravy ladled over baking-powder biscuits. But fancier tricks can be performed with morels, if one is interested in gourmet plays. I can recommend the following:

STUFFED MORELS. Choose large, well-

shaped morels. Wash and boil three minutes, discarding the water. Dry and dust with flour. Slit the stems and stuff the caps with a mixture of finely chopped chicken and parsley (use two parts chicken to one part parsley) bound with egg yolk. Season the stuffing with salt and a little powdered cloves and nutmeg. Butter a casserole, put in the morels and bake in a 350° oven for 13 minutes.

MORELS SAUTEED WITH HERBS. For one pound of morels, which will serve two or three, you need a half pound lean salt pork (ask for corned belly), 2 scallions sliced very thin, salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Wash the morels under tepid running water. Lift them out and drain. Leave the small ones whole, and halve or quarter the larger ones. Trim the rind off the salt pork and slice it into small strips. Put the strips into boiling water, and boil hard for 3 minutes. Drain, then rinse under cold water. When the strips are dry, put them in a heavy pan and cook them slowly, without any extra fat, until they are crisp and golden. Season with pepper. Add the morels and cook for 10 minutes. Taste for seasoning at this point; you may need a little salt. Add the sliced scallions and cook for 5 minutes longer. Sprinkle chopped parsley and serve.

MORELS IN CREAM. This will serve four as a main dish, or six as an accompaniment to roast chicken. You need 2 pounds of morels (the hunting has to have been good), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of butter, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of rose wine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of light cream and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of flour. Slice the larger morels but leave the small ones whole. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter in a large, heavy skillet. Add morels and season with salt and pepper. Cook over moderate heat, covered, for 10 to 12 minutes, giving the pan an occasional shake. Add the wine, bring to a boil and boil 2 to 3 minutes. Now add the cream and bring to the boiling point again. Meanwhile, mix the remaining butter with the flour and add to the pan, bit by bit, stirring constantly, until the sauce has thickened. Cook another 10 minutes over low heat. Before serving, taste for seasoning. You will usually find that morels take a great deal of salt.

END

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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

The preliminaries were over in the NCAA tournament, but not before they raised an eyebrow or two. Perhaps the biggest surprise of all was Princeton's total demobilization of Providence after the Friars had knocked out St. Joseph's in the East Regional at College Park, Md. That sent Princeton to Portland, Ore. along with the other regional winners, defending national champion UCLA, Michigan and Wichita State, for Friday's semifinal games (page 20).

THE HIT

The National Invitation Tournament was proceeding more slowly toward a showdown in New York's Madison Square Garden next Saturday. While Villanova and New Mexico, the only two seeded teams, waited patiently for their quarter-final games Monday night, six other entries survived the opening round.

There was no doubt as to which team was the sentimental favorite. With Coach

Joe Lapchick going into compulsory retirement next year, it had to be St. John's. Everybody, including the conservative Lapchick, expected his Redmen to hold the ball against Boston College, a team that loves to run and gun. And that is what they started out to do. But Bob Cousy's Eagles, shooting badly and desperately when they fell 11 points behind in the first half, began to press on defense. So St. John's took off. Sonny Dove, the bony 6-foot-7 center, snatched rebounds and started the break. Kenny McIntyre, the whirling backcourtier who sincerely believes that basketballs were made only for shooting, traded shots with BC's spectacular John Austin and outscored him 42-40. The Redmen won 114-92, and the beaming Lapchick's word for it was "Wow!"

Two other New York schools also got through the first round. MANHATTAN, persevering with its patterned attack against Texas Western's sticky man-to-man defense, finally broke the game open in the second half. With Larry Lembo hammered in by Texas Western's dogged Andy Singler, Matty Link and Bob Chupka got away from the other persistent Miners for 16 points apiece, and the Jaspers won 71-53.

NYU had a more difficult time with Bradley. The Vikings, who seem to specialize in inconsistency, looked like an easy winner when they led 47-36 at half time. Then the Braves went to a prevailing defense and soon NYU was in trouble. Four points ahead with 8:20 to go, the Vikings made the mistake of trying to stall, and it was nearly fatal. They lost their touch and, with only seconds left, Bradley led 70-69. But Richie Dyer saved the game. He came out of a pickup with the ball, whirled in a jump shot and NYU won 71-70.

Fordham was not quite so lucky. Coach Johnny Ruch's 2-3 zone press, which had given the Rams so many victories down the stretch, failed against wisdom. Kentucky's poised young sharpshooters, Sophomores Clem Haskins, a poker-faced 6-foot-4 forward, and Dwight Smith, a 6-foot-3 guard, shot in 39 points, and the Hill-toppers took the game 87-83, without a foul, too, but not before hawking La Salle gave the tall Titans a full-sized scare. Led by point-swing Curt Fernald, who scored 26 points, La Salle came on like gangbusters after falling 13 points behind late in the first half. However, John Schramm's lusty rebounding and Louis Hyatt's long-range shooting (he got 31 points) were simply too much for the plucky Explorers. They lost 93-86.

But the team that captured everyone's fancy was Army. The Cadets, short on real talent but long on hustle and muscle, were just barely in the game against St. Louis in the first half despite Mike Silberman's sweeping jumpers. Then Dennis Shantz, a quick, sharp-nosed 5-foot-10 guard, suddenly took it into his head to start driving. He found paties in St. Louis' Sam Ulrich, Bob Cole and Randy Albrecht and beat them to the basket seven times, to end up with 21 points. When Shantz was not driving, John Ritch, Army's husky Rhodes scholar, wheeled off the pivot for layups. Their combined efforts beat the shaken Bills 76-66.

THE SMALL COLLEGES

The small colleges were also busy celebrating their championships last week. In Evansville, Ind. 36,084—mostly red-clad home-town hoovers—turned out to cheer their unheralded Purple Aces, setting a record for the three-day NCAA college-division tournament in Roberts Stadium. The flashy EVANSVILLE team, which had won 26 straight during the regular season and was ranked No. 1 in the national polls, obliged by scurrying past Philadelphia Temple 92-76 and St. Michael's of Vermont 93-70. Meanwhile, SOUTHERN ILLINOIS reached the final by beating Washington of St. Louis 76-67 and North Dakota 97-64.

That set up a confrontation that tournament promoters dream about. Evansville had twice beaten Southern Illinois by a single point earlier in the year, and there was not a Saluki sound who did not think that the games should have gone the other way. "This time," said Coach Jack Hartman grimly, "I want my boys to be in an aggressive mood." As it turned out, they may have been a bit too aggressive. Hoping to curb the Aces' prolific scoring, the Salukis pressured their passers and were whistled for 25 fouls. They also gave up 87 points to Evansville's two All-Americans, Larry Holmes, a remarkable 6-foot-4 jump shooter, tired in 32, while Jerry Sloan scored 25. Nevertheless, Southern Illinois had Evansville in a 74-74 tie at the end of the game. Then the Aces broke loose in overtime. Sloan clinched an 85-82 victory with two free throws in the last second, and Evansville had its second straight NCAA title.

Things were just as tense at Kansas City, where the NAIA decided its championship. Undisciplined CENTRAL STATE from Wilberforce, Ohio, which came into the six-day tournament with a 25-0 record and a No. 2 ranking, met Oklahoma Baptist in the final. State's battle tactics for the Bombs were simple. It came out firing, shot 63%, in the first half and built up a 17-point lead. After that it was easy. While Ken Wilburn, a 6-foot-6 junior with a knack for claiming rebounds, stuffed in 16 points and cleared the boards, the other Marauders bombed the weary Baptists from near and far. Central State won 85-51 for its 30th in a row. **END**



POISED GRACEFULLY, Evansville's Larry Holmes launches a jump shot as Jerry Sloan (52) blocks out Southern Illinois opponent.



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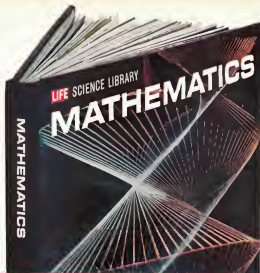
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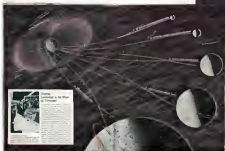
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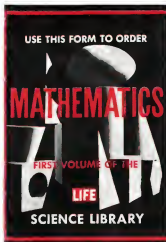
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HOME ON THE RANGERS

Sirs:
Congratulations to William Leggett for his perceptive article on the plight of the New York Ranger hockey team and its followers (the *New York, Hockey's Home Is Not a Home*, March 8). As a long-suffering fan, I can only say amen to such well-directed and richly deserved criticisms of the Madison Square Garden Corporation for its policy of profits without playoffs.

MICHAEL F. SULLIVAN
Wood-Ridge, N.J.

Sirs:
In Boston we have a hockey team that loses consistently and avoids playoffs like the plague, yet it, too, draws crowds like the Rangers. The difference is that in Boston we don't have any superstars to trade away.

MARCY BURLEIN
Brighton, Mass.

Sirs:
Leggett lists the players the Rangers have traded away in recent years. They may constitute an all-star team, as he says, but it would be a very old one. Andy Burdette, when traded, was past his prime, and the Henry trade brought the Rangers three up-and-coming young players, an addition that has already begun to show results. Meanwhile, the expanded farm system has produced such young players as Rod Gilbert and Rod Seiling, already established major leaguers at a tender age.

The incentive to play hockey in New York may be somewhat lacking, but the very fact that Cunny Henry was disheartened on leaving shows that all players do not feel the same way. As far as being recognized on the street, would a baseball player like Roger Maris or Whitney Ford, familiar faces to the American sports fan, be noticed on a Montreal street? Probably not.

Leggett sees the onslaught of colored rubber balls at the Garden as a form of fan frustration, but to me it seems like a type of oddball enthusiasm. If the same antics are repeated at a Met game—as they probably will be—they will be hailed as a show of affection. The fact that the Rangers have played to 99% capacity for the current season attests the real enthusiasm of the fans, who support the team no matter where it stands.

Granted that blame for the team's previous failure must be shouldered by the management, Emile Francis has already begun the tedious work of rebuilding, and his courage in trading away an aging drawing card for future success indicates better things to

come. Maybe not in the next few years, but soon indeed.

BOB HALL-NECK
Schenectady

Sirs:
I do not believe Leggett's contention of New York is fair. In New York we have so much of spectator interest—the opera, theaters, orchestras, clubs, galleries, as well as other sports—that a player cannot, and should not, expect the same adulation found in the other league towns. In Toronto, for example, hockey is blown out of all sporting perspective. Why? Because there is so little else of interest in Toronto.

Instead of adulation, New York offers its players the finest recreation and entertainment center in North America and the most dynamic and exciting city in which to live—or work. In 1967 the Rangers will move into the new Madison Square Garden. It will be the largest \$20,000, most modern, most comfortable hockey palace in the world. Surely this is proof of management interest in the team and its fans.

The only trouble with New York hockey, to this fan, would seem to be too many fair-weather supporters like Mr. Leggett.

A. J. MEISVINE
New York City

Sirs:
I have been going to hockey games for 15 years and I can't imagine any fans in any sport rooting more ardently for their team than do the Ranger diehards. Although Mr. Leggett's knock on the Ranger front office is certainly warranted, his knock on the Ranger fans is most certainly not.

STELLA KUTINSKY
Charlottesville, Va.

Sirs:
Nothing more clearly explains the attitude of the Ranger management toward its fans than the long line of the Enfield who waited to receive a refund on Stanley Cup tickets on a cold March night in 1959, after the Rangers lost six games out of their last seven to be eliminated from the playoffs on the last night of the season. Only one ticket window was opened to accommodate them. Ranger fans are either the world's greatest sports enthusiasts or plain masochists—and some of us aren't yet sure which.

FRANCIS M. GREGORY JR.
Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs:
I never had any complaints about New York hockey fans. In all the years that I played for the Rangers, I don't ever recall

being booed. They were always behind me, and I have said for publication more times than I remember that I always wanted to finish my career with the Rangers.

Sure, the Chicago fans have been kind to me, and I hope I can be kind to them. It is true that there were two or three who picked the players up at the railroad station early in the morning. That kind of enthusiasm happens when a team is up there, and I do not doubt that New York fans would be equally thoughtful if the Rangers got up there.

CAMILLE HENRY
Chicago

BEST CHANCE

Sirs:
I'm just a simple housewife who likes baseball, so I'd like to ask a simple question: What have you got against Sandy Koussal? Two years ago, when you should have given him the Sportsman of the Year award, you gave it instead to Pete Rose. Now you have the audacity to say that Dean Chance is the best pitcher in baseball (*Take the Bait out of the Casino*, March 8). I notice you qualified that statement with the words "right now." Perhaps that is because you know that Sandy is again showing us here in Florida that his arm is at good working order and that as soon as the season starts he will make you eat your words.

PHILIP SEARER
Rockledge, Fla.

Sirs:
Dean Chance may have great confidence, great potential and one great season, but "right now" the two best pitchers around are Koussal and Mantel.

PAUL S. FINE
Longmeadow, Mass.

Sirs:
Your excellent article shows the many problems of a great pitcher. Dean Chance has only one drawback, his mouth. People are going to start calling him the Casino Cloy of baseball.

JOE W. JELLS
Charleston A.R., S.C.

Sirs:
What a tremendous paradox is presented by Dean Chance. Here is a boy who on Ring Lardner-Lardner. People, including my self, would wait with bating excitement for the release of a Ring Lardner story. His brash, uninhibited characters were loved. And yet in Chance we have a character who is reviled by numerous people. What is the answer to this? It is becoming the fashion of our times to downgrade the fellow who has the

continued

coverage to tell the whole world he is good and then goes on to prove it? How can recorded history be so quickly forgotten? We surely must remember Ruth, Cobb and Hornsby. None of these were shrinking violets. They told the world they were good. Then they went on to have their names engraved on the scrolls of history.

My hat is off to this boy Chance. This sick world needs more like him. You can have the carefull—the Timal Times.

EARL B. COBIT

Washington

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Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you on your excellent and timely coverage of the recent Southern Conference tournament (*The Arms of Lefty Dorell*, March 8). At last the whole nation can see firsthand what we at Davidson College have had to put up with during the last two seasons, and how we have twice suffered tragic and unfair elimination from the NCAA playoffs even though we were far superior to the rest of the league.

I would also like to point out one more peculiarity that was not covered in your article. When All-America Fred Hetzel became the 19th player in major college basketball to break the 2,000-point mark, the conference official scorer not only failed to stop the game against VMI, as is customary in the rest of the country, but failed even to inform the tournament audience. As if this insult were not bad enough, tournament officials refused to let the managers present the game ball to Hetzel until the end of the tournament. They claimed they did not have enough basketballs for the other games. Quite a tribute to the player who was almost singly responsible for bringing \$100,000 into the conference's coffers.

ROBERT K. RUMPH

Davidson, N.C.

ON THE UPSWING

Sirs:

I read Huston Hottel's article on indoor tennis with great interest (*A's Long As There's a Place to Go*, *Let It Snow*, March 8). But for those of us deeply involved with the tremendous growing pains of the game the story, although factual, did not really do justice to the current upswing of tennis.

I have spent three years researching the growth of indoor tennis and liken it to the situation of bowling 50 years ago, the rumble of thunder before the storm. As a tennis coach and professional player, I anticipate indoor tennis clubs cropping up in the same manner as bowling alleys did, years ago.

My wife is an architect, and we have built a precast concrete tennis club, adding a new dimension by having outdoor courts on the roof of our indoor facility. With four indoor courts and four outdoor courts above them,

we have a year-round tennis club. Let it rain, snow, or what have you.

DOX KIRKES

Chicago

LIFE ON A LIME

Sirs:

I am still bothered by Huston Virginia Kraft's article on her jaguar hunt (*A Meeting at the Manor House*, Feb. 22) and her statement, "But by then the contest was over." A contest implies equality of strength. In this case a single animal was tracked down and freed by a group of experienced hunters, well armed and with trained dogs to aid them.

It is a pity that a person endowed with the degree of courage and determination which Virginia Kraft apparently has does not devote herself to worthwhile projects. I wish that such as she could have a bit of Albert Schweitzer's feeling of "reverence for life."

Mrs. CHARLES K. SMITH

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

I find your reader's objections to the jaguar hunt (19th Floor, March 8) even more entertaining than Virginia Kraft's very self.

Anyone who has hunted anything anywhere in Latin America has earned the right to make the kill any bloody way he or she chooses. The preliminaries attendant to the do-in are worth a campaign ribbon at the very least—for braving weather, insects, reptiles, the native currency, etc. If Mrs. Kraft wants to finish the *piece* with a Japanese 47 mm. cannon, a Fort McHenry-size grenade a claymore or a bottle of nitro, it should be O.K. by the multitude who have never swayed the hunting down there.

Bill Davidson

Tulson

NOW WE ARE THREE

Sirs:

After reading letters from readers in New York and California concerning which state is the sports Mecca of the U.S. (19th Floor, Feb. 15 and March 8), I feel I should put in my two bits for the city of St. Louis.

When the teams from New York, Los Angeles or any other city in this country can provide for their fans the same consistent line play and excitement that is provided by the St. Louis Hawks, baseball Cardinals and football Cardinals, then their city may claim the title of Sports Capital. The number of pro teams a city or state has doesn't really have anything to do with it.

In addition, L.A. and New York are very far behind St. Louis with its Harry Carey (Cardo) and Jerry Gross (Hawks) when it comes to broadcasters. And when it comes to that very important element, the fans themselves, St. Louis again comes out far ahead of all the rest.

JAMES THOMPSON

Hartford, Ill.

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You Gotta Have Art—and a Lot More

The modern way to keep sports records, i.e., keep track of everything that happens and incorporate it into a statistic—can serve as a boon to a sports-writer, particularly if he does not know much about the fine points of sport.

For instance, he can state that in last night's game against Tailgate College, Pete Brewster became the 22nd player in college basketball history to score 1,500 points in his varsity career. This is simpler than trying to evaluate whether Brewster consistently faced first-rate or fourth-rate opposition or something in between—or attempting to analyze Brewster's ability in such attributes as speed, concentration, guile, etc.

I simply can't help wondering what the quantitative style of criticism—as opposed to the qualitative—would have accomplished in the nonsporting world. Or shall we just confine it to the artistic or cultural world? However, I can imagine a few items that might have appeared in the papers—or in illuminated manuscripts, anyhow:

FLORENCE, ITALY. The indefatigable Nicolo Travestera continues to be the sensation of the Renaissance. The Tuscan Canvas-coverer, as he is now familiarly known, seems to establish a new mark every time he picks up a brush. Over the past six-month period he established a modern Italian national record (figures kept since 1250) of 4,752 square feet of canvas painted, surpassing Giovanni Spilocharano's figure of 4,162 set in 1487. Travestera also holds the record for most pictures painted in half a year (27).

A disappointment over this same period has been Leonardo da Vinci, hitherto considered an extremely promising artist. From a spot near the top Leonardo has slipped to 43rd place in statistics released yesterday by the National Canvas-covering Association. His sole output was a tiny 30-by-20-inch portrait, variously called *Mona Lisa* and *La Gio-*

continued

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Gotta Have Art *continued*

condo. In square feet this comes out to a trifling 4.16. His well-wishers hope that this slump is only temporary.

BOSS, GERMANY. For two days and nights crowds have been lining up outside the Klavier Konzerthaus to hear an event that will make musical history.

—the first performance of Siegfried Brummel's 100th Symphony (E-flat minor). This remarkably prolific composer is the first man, so far as is known, to reach the century mark in full-length symphonies—although Hans Trautner surpasses him in sonatas, 263 to 214.

Among minor composers (less than 10 symphonies) a four-way tie exists between J. Bulow, T. Bulow, M. Reinsner and L. Beethoven, with nine each.

LONDON, ENGLAND. Playwright William Shakespeare has denied rumors that henceforth he intends to collaborate with James Archer, popularly known as the "Wizard of York."

"I fear that this would handicap Archer unfairly," said Shakespeare. "As you probably know, Archer is the first play-a-week dramatist in the annals of the English stage. On the other hand I'm a slowpoke from way back. Last year I used up almost a fortnight deciding on just one little word in a speech a character was delivering. I couldn't make my mind up whether it should be, 'To thine own self be honest, good, nice, fair, kind, cooperative, true' or a couple of other adjectives that slip my mind."

"So if Archer did nine-tenths of the writing and I got half the credit and half the royalties he'd just be crucifying himself—not that I'm any more averse to making a quick pound than the next fellow. Another thing—Archer is a bear on titles. His latest is called, *Ye Bloud-carrying, Hearts-rendering, Most Tragick Drama of Ye Fair and Mysterious Marthor of Ye Most Favorable and Worthy and Fair Duke of Northumberland*. Get that? 23 words!

"I've been working on a play for a year or so. Shapes up pretty well—if I do say so—but I'm stumped for a title. Best I've come up with so far is from hunger. I mean it's just the name of the chief character—*Macbeth*. How pathetic can you get? A lousy one word while Archer makes with 23. I'm going to think about this for a while, but if I don't get an inspiration I just might throw the whole manuscript on the hearth. Without a catchy title a play is dead."

—PARKS CUMMINGS

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